THEATRE MAGAZINE

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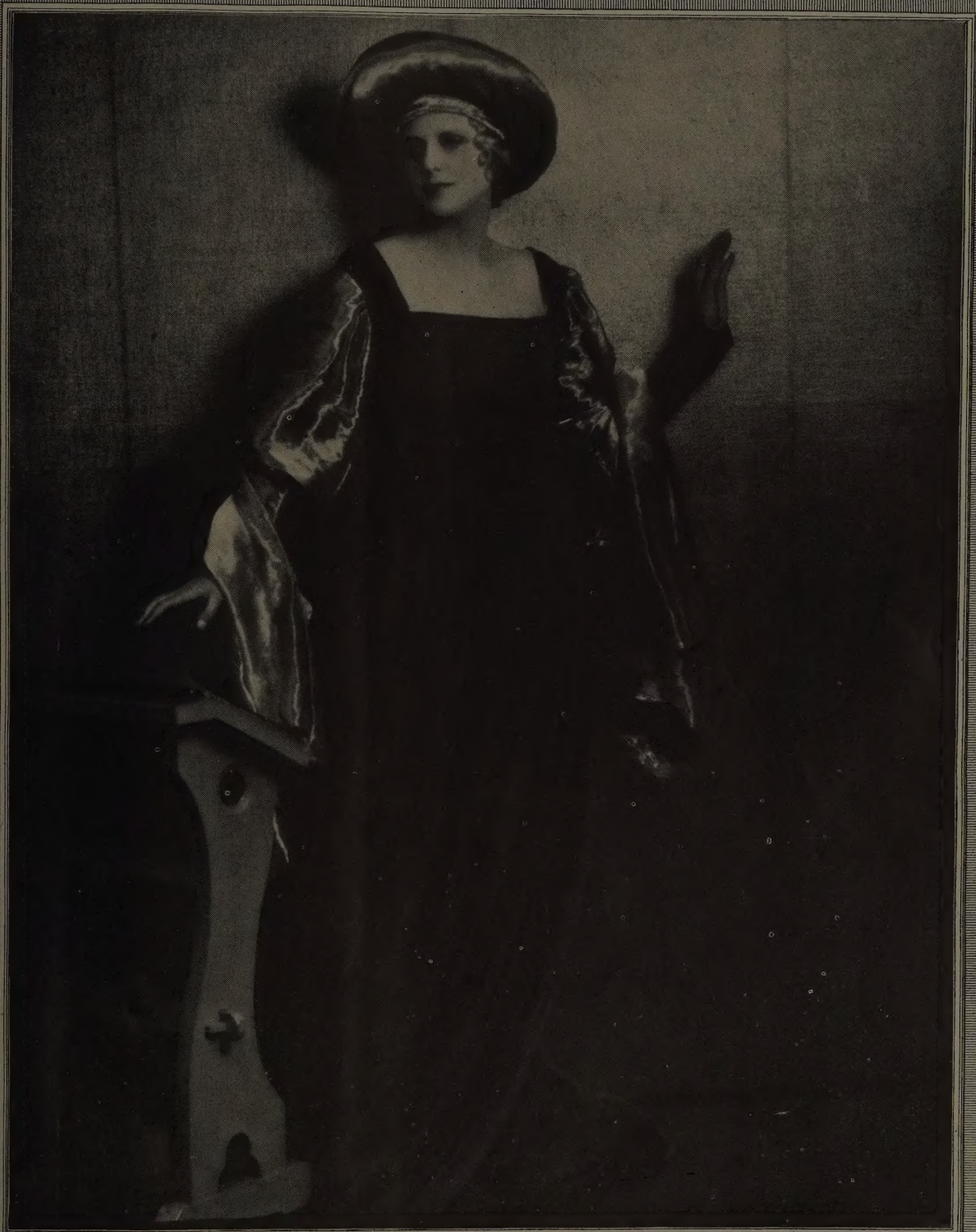


Portrait © by Hugh Cecil of London

BEATRICE BECKLEY as Desdemona

The co-star and wife of James K. Hackett who, with her husband, has scored a significant success playing Shakespearean repertory in England and on the Continent.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Editorial

An Open Letter to Augustus Thomas

PERMIT us, Mr. Thomas, to express thus publicly our congratulations both to you and the Producing Managers Association on your designation by that body as its Executive Chairman and Arbiter of the theatre's troubles. That such an overseer is necessary has been manifest for some time. That it is yourself who has been nominated for the office is excellent good fortune for the stage and happy augury of a successful outcome for the purposes of the appointment.

For over twenty-one years THEATRE MAGAZINE has been the sole living chronicle of the American theatre. Its volumes are a handsome, dignified and just record, with a present actual monthly circulation of over sixty thousand and over one hundred thousand readers, of the theatre's development and achievements. There is no progress or occurrence of importance in the world of the stage that we do not report. But we venture to say that nowhere in those volumes is mentioned a more portentous and meaningful step in the growth of the theatre as a power or a more significant reminder that the day of the mummer is forever dead and a great artistic organization come to take his place, than the fact of your appointment as recounted elsewhere in this issue of the magazine.

We are not so far from the time when the actor was half-scamp, half-itinerant in the eyes of society. It was a rare Thespian, indeed, the magnitude of whose gifts could bring him position and respect. The heritage of that repute lingers faintly and decreasingly to this day. The very playhouse he worked in was a mushroom institution, a house of cards.

His living world was a world apart. There were no courts for him and but little justice. He was endlessly and helplessly victim of the unscrupulous and deceitful, both in his profession and out of it. Rarely had he a vote. In fairness, let it be said that the situation as it existed was by no mean ascribable entirely to the prejudices of society. It was ascribable, in large part, to the incorrigibly happy-go-lucky character of player folk and to the weakness of their standing not within the solid walls of a protecting organization but as socially and economically ragged individuals. That day has changed. Actors of intelligence and initiative and and enormous personal courage have within less than a decade brought the actor's position to one of dignity and strength. In union he has found his own. And in that union there is no right under his citizenship and no moral or ethical or commercial consideration that he cannot and will not insist upon and receive.

IT goes without saying that in the first flush of any sense of new power, caution and reservation cannot be looked for. In the very effort to establish more firmly a recently acquired force, it is natural enough to emphasize its capacities. Given a stout stick for the first time a child will wield it generously until curbed. The "closed shop" is one of those exaggerated demands, emanating from the Actors Equity, based more on an excess of zeal than on the actual necessities of the situation. We do not believe the policy need endure or will endure. Actually, it has the potentiality of doing more harm to the actor and his art than of doing good to the organization that sponsors it. Another inadvisability is continued association with the American Federation of Labor, a mighty union, but one for labor and not for the artist. But, at least, it is wholly possible to comprehend and sympathize with the idealistic and enthusiastic motives which first propelled such policies into being.

None better than you, Mr. Thomas, to understand these and the other matters that are giving managers ample cause to scratch their heads. Long before you became the acknowledged dean among our playwrights you were yourself an actor and before that a union workman. You know the field of the theatre as do few other men. On whatever side you may be, you are qualified to sympathize and deal understandingly with the other side's point of view. Therein lies the supreme quality of a great arbitrator. It will cause you to be received with tolerance and generosity by the actors and other organized workers of the stage who have long respected your work and your word. Complete and swift adjustment of the major theatrical difficulties can come out of your wise counsel and we believe we voice the attitude of practically every man and woman in the theatre today in welcoming you to the post you have assumed and wishing you in it the success which you, more than any other man we know, can reasonably be expected to achieve.

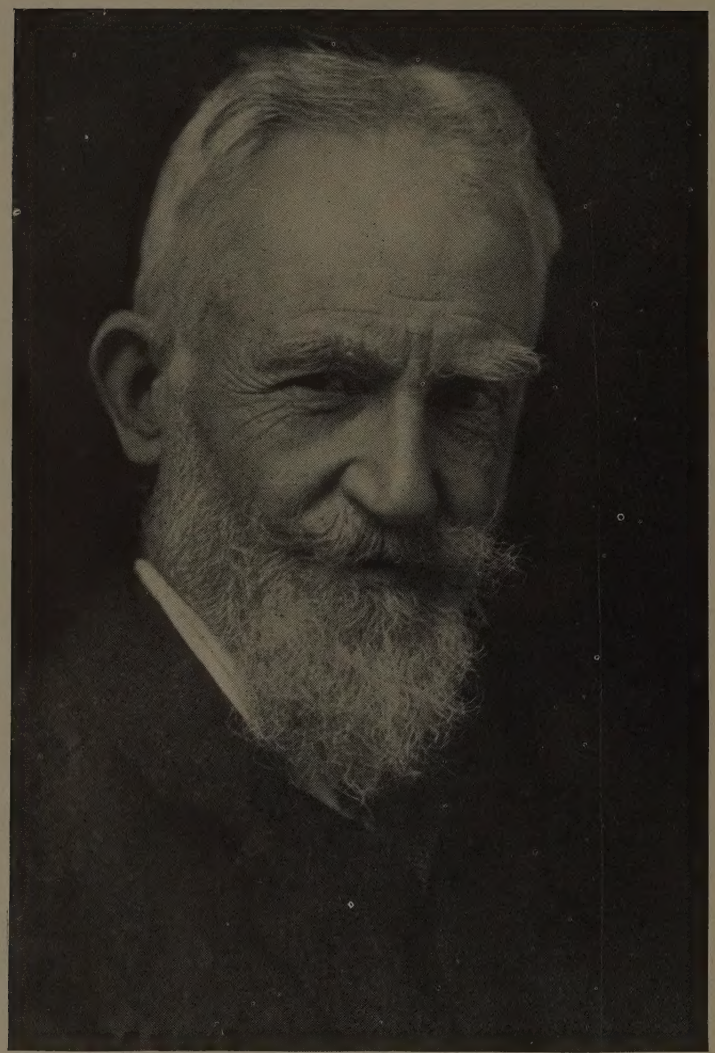
YOU are typically cautious in your predictions, made elsewhere in this issue. In addition to your work with the actor and theatre workers, you have inter-managerial disputes to settle, and all-important matters that have to do with the theatre in its relation to the public. Broadway has emerged from a desperately bad season. It is on the verge of a new season, in which pioneer work of a sort must be done to regain the affection, interest and patronage seriously alienated by the perilous combination of bad times, a high tide of indifferent plays, and the movies. Times are to be better. There is a marked lull in interest in pictures, especially in large communities, because of the so frequently banal products being released. It is the psychological moment for a big effort to get back the lost theatre fan and rewin the failing patronage of the one who is not yet quite lost. *Fewer* plays, *cleaner* plays, *more carefully produced* plays, tickets at *reasonable* prices based on what is given for the money, the *abolition of excessive taxation by ticket speculators* will produce that result just as surely as the American theatre can be the greatest in the world today. May they listen to you, those managers who have placed you at the helm! It will mean money in their pockets and fat years to come. It will mean a fine theatre and out of that a finer native drama. Here's to you, Mr. Thomas. THEATRE MAGAZINE wishes you good luck and God speed!

ortrait by Rice

Decoration by Victor Haveman, after Beardsley

"COMME LA PRINCESSE SALOMÉ EST BELLE CE SOIR!"

ALLA NAZIMOVA as the exotic maid of Judea who danced with the seven veils. In "Salome," after Wilde and Beardsley, a feast of the silvered screen soon to be served, this accomplished Russian actress makes a gesture of farewell to the films before turning back again to her favorite—the speaking stage



Underwood & Underwood

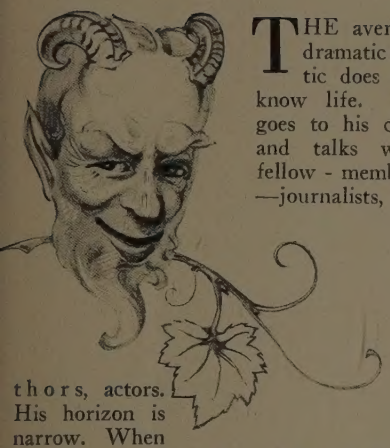
G. Bernard Shaw

Jaunts Into Brightest England

The First of a Series of Adventures in the Homes of Britain's Literary Great

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

By CARLTON MILES



THE average dramatic critic does not know life. He goes to his club and talks with fellow-members—journalists, authors, actors. His horizon is narrow. When he finds something beyond his circle of thought he does not understand it. 'You will notice that in all plays I deal with public questions. Yet when I put in a character like the burglar in 'Heartbreak House' the critics dismiss it as 'delightfully Gilbertian.' They do not go beneath the surface. I wrote the character to point out an evil I think should be corrected and one I know exists—that of malefactors who use the law as a shield. You will find the same true in my other plays.

"The finished result always is one-tenth of what I have written. After I have completed a play I go over it and over it, cutting it down until the bare skeleton remains." I ventured no word on "Back to Methuselah"! "Even then only rehearsals can tell what should stay in and what should not. In the rehearsals of 'Heartbreak House' here in London I found 100 lines of deadwood that I cut out." The premiere of "Heartbreak House" ran until long after midnight and its author was accused of being asleep in the stage box.

SHAW'S FORMULA

IF you write a play, my boy, either make it short—under two hours—or write one so long the audience will go reeling out of the theatre," and Bernard Shaw reeled over to the hearthrug in imitation of the stupefied audience. "Give them a dose they never will forget." He slapped his knee and chuckled. "Make them experience something that will last a lifetime." His blue eyes danced. "And if you put a real person in a play, first show him a copy of the manuscript. It will save you grief."

Carved in the white wood of the mantel above the fireplace in Shaw's living-room are the words:

"Thay haif said; what say thay; lat thame say."

This old English motto is not only the keynote to the room; to me it seems the key to the most puzzling figure in contemporary literature. What other words so well sum up the Shaw attitude? He is at once the best liked and the most unpopular man in Great Britain. The average Englishman distrusts him; Henry Arthur Jones writes public denunciations of his political views; John Drinkwater and St. John Ervine speak of him with reverence; Shaw smiles and the public crowds to his plays. Seldom have test and answer been combined so neatly. What is the real Shaw? A cynic laughing up his sleeve as he deludes his readers? An ironic humorist? Or a man desperately in earnest, most serious when he apparently laughs the hardest?

The most casual meeting with Shaw lifts the last opinion to unchanging position. Only a few nights before I had sat behind him watching him applaud Eugene O'Neill's "Diff'rent" at Norman Macdermott's Everyman Theatre in Hampstead—a performance much better done, by the way, in London than here. The tall, erect figure, seemingly unconscious of the scrutiny of every eye in the audience, the enthusiastic greeting of acquaintance and the hearty laugh were all at variance with what I expected. And from the moment he came hastening across his living room in his Adelphi Terrace home, filled with apologies for a brief delay, answer was clear. The clew to Shaw is Shaw himself. I, for one, believe the wit, the humor, the paradoxical upsetting of paradox in his plays are but weapons in his vitalic drive for truth. 'Ware the smile.

THE PERSONAL SHAW

SHAW today looks like a church deacon. A benignant, blue eye regards you from behind spectacles—a kindly, human, sparkling blue eye. The reddish-gray beard hangs far below the loose, soft collar; the firm but curious mouth has as many changing expressions as that of an actor's. Had Shaw not been a writer he would have been a great mummer. Some people think him both. There is eager ring to the voice in which just a trace of the Irish accent remains, his manner is a blend of gentleness and courtesy—he is more human than any of his characters. At first glance you think him an old man; let him speak and he is Youth in Whiskers. The spring of enthusiasm runs as deep as when he started fighting the accepted modes of literature fifty years back. He has the trick of letting himself go in conversation. Gestures increase, voice loses monotone, he acts for you the tale he is relating.

"When I wrote 'Heartbreak House'," he says, "I had no thought of the stage. It did not seem possible that its form was for the stage, or in any event not for many years. Then its unexpected success by the Theatre Guild amazed me. And 'Back to Methuselah'—" the telephone interrupted comment.

Sitting in this quiet living room, it was impossible to comprehend the roaring Strand was but two minutes away. A turn down Adams Street from the avenue of tourists and haberdashers, a brisk walk past the Little Theatre where the Grand Guignol plays are given—or were until the censor, the other day, decided no more murders were to be committed by painted heroes—a climb of two flights of stairway in a house with offices on the ground floor—and you face a low iron gate barricading further ascent. No doorplate. A small sign, "Private. Please Ring." A maid descends and you are admitted to Shaw's fortress in Adelphi Terrace. You will not find his name in telephone directory; the secret of residence is well kept from inquisitive eyes. Once within and there is immediate feeling of hospitality.

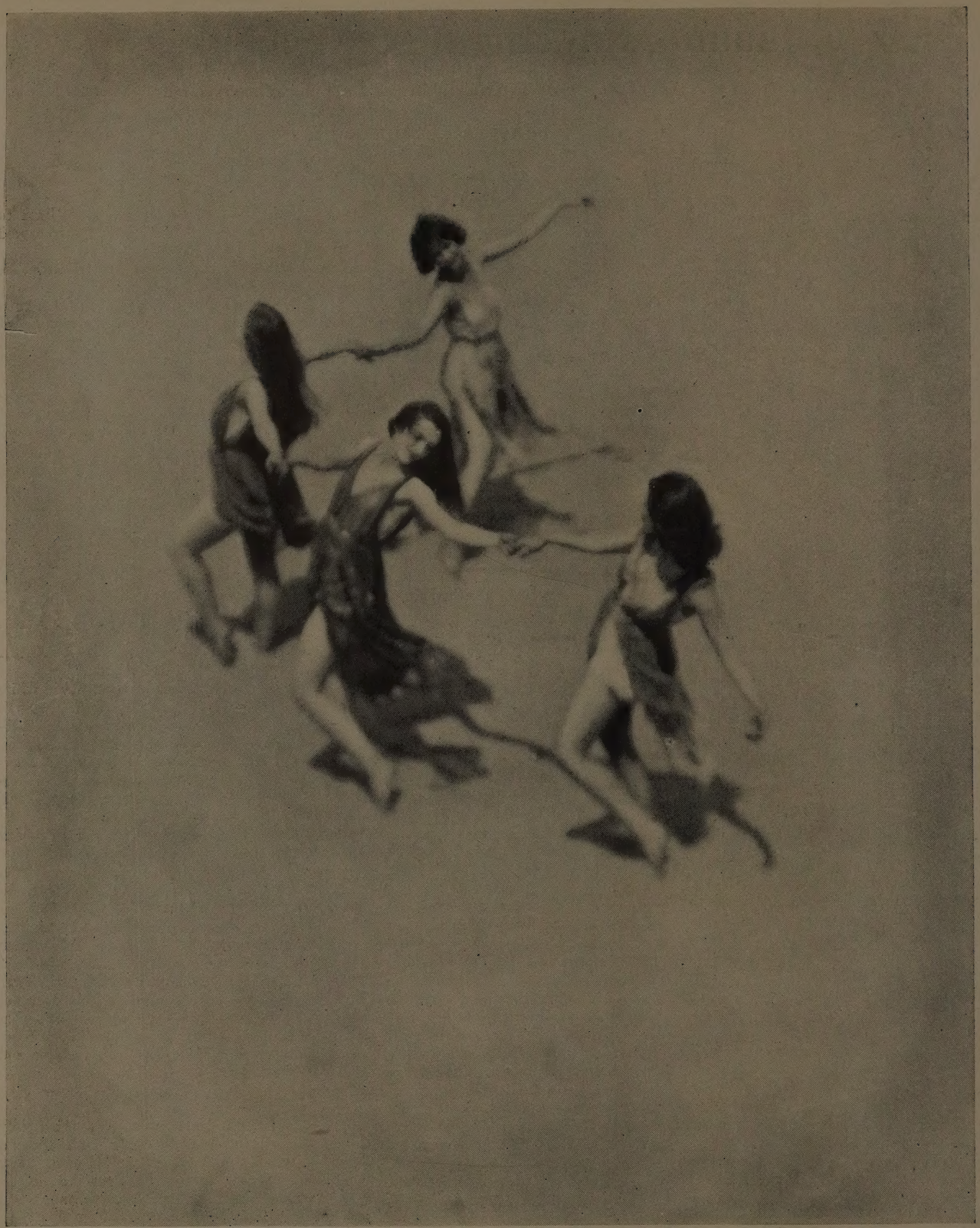
"Mr. Shaw will be in directly, sir," says the maid. "'E never keeps visitors waiting more than five minutes."

A long green-tinted room, with white ceiling and woodwork. Half the room is partitioned off by red curtains and a substantial white bookcase with many shelves, cabinets and cubbyholes. Rugs, books everywhere, paintings—an Augustus John portrait of Shaw, a Rodin drawing—two colored china lions at either end of the mantelpiece, a row of colored prints of birds above it. A small upright oak piano, half hidden by a high screen. Chintz-covered couch and chairs. The English tradition in the number of cushions. Vases atop the bookshelf, reaching the ceiling. A bright, comfortable room, filled with heterogeneous *objets d'art,* a writing desk, low tables, more books. A kindly, cheerful, unpretentious room with a fine view of the Thames from the long windows that look down on the Embankment. A room in which one may wear a soft collar and smoke a pipe.

HEARTWARM HOUSE

THE Irish question dodged, talk mainly was of the technical side of the theatre, of others' plays as well as his own. The face lit with interest whatever the subject. Shaw pointed out defects in his own plays. Attitude had no false modesty but was without assumption. Not an epigram in the brilliant speech. No effect of scaling down a giant intellect to meet your puny one. A long rambling, remarkable monologue, garnished by anecdote, interrupted by a telephone call to encourage a young actress whom Shaw thought the critics had treated shabbily in their reviews—a monologue rich in humor, with a schoolboy's

(*Continued on page* 258)



Photography by James W. Pondelicek

DANCE OF THE DAWN

Suggestive of immeasurable freedom and filled with a rhythmic grace and gesture rarely caught by the camera is this captivating impression of four Muriel Abbott dancers. They are the Misses Kendler, Preble, Stevens and Crandall

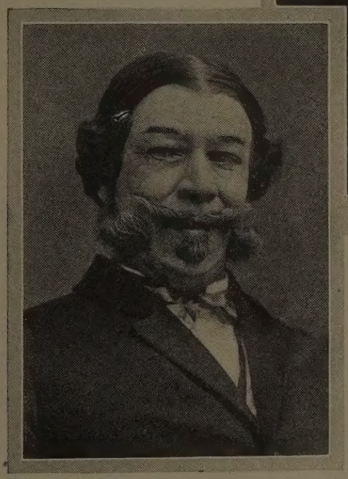
Europe's Premier Playhouse in the Offing

The Noted Moscow Art Theatre and Its Plans for an American Tour

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

WHEN the Moscow Art Theatre comes to New York for a brief engagement of three months, beginning early in January, as planned,* we will be afforded an opportunity to formulate an esthetic judgment of the first order. The company, which is a co-operative group and permits no mere business manager to decide its policy, is now considering an American offer back in Moscow. If the decision is favorable, we shall be asked on our own responsibility to appreciate and accept Europe's premier playhouse without dependance on the rubber-seal approval of Paris or London.

The coming of the Moscow Art Theatre would be an event of major moment even if, like Balieff's Chauve-Souris, it were to proceed hither on the heels of triumphant dalliance in the French and British capitals. Wearing its quarter century of richly varied endeavor like a patriarch, it still possesses a spirit so youthful and so eager and so vigorous that it retains the leadership of the modern Russian stage against the inroads of the most novel and radical of the innovators. And although it has seldom ventured farther afield than Petrograd, its reputation has become international, universal.



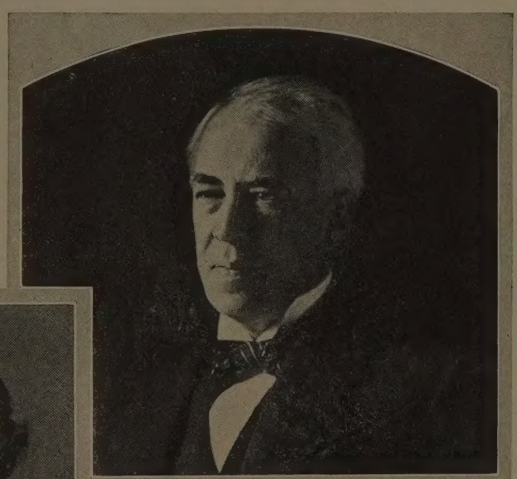
Hornstein of Moscow

Stopovers on the Seine and the Thames, therefore, could only delay and not dim the satisfaction of our expectancy. Balieff, for example, used his European reputation merely as a convenient lighterage to a Broadway haven, and then proceeded to build an American vogue as distinctive of our continent in character as it has been in size. It might have been likewise with the Moscow Art Theatre if it had elected such a leisurely itinerary.

THE BIRTH OF A PLAYHOUSE

INSTEAD, if the arrangements are ratified, the entire first line of the company will embark on two specially chartered ships at Riga about the middle of December, attended by the complete original scenic equipment of the productions to be included in the New York repertory, and it will proceed without a stop through the Baltic, the Channel and across the Atlantic. And thereby hangs the tale of our opportunity and our responsibility.

The Moscow Art Theatre was born out of the dissatisfaction with the doldrums into which the Russian stage had fallen in the final decade of the nineteenth century. The Russian stage was not alone in its decrepitude. All Europe suffered from the same malady. And all Europe seemed to find voice for its discontent almost simultaneously: through Gordon Craig in England, Adolph Appia in Switzerland and Max Reinhardt in Berlin. The Russian counterparts of these artistic protestants, working independently of them but actuated by the same causes, were the amateur actor, Constantin Stanislavsky, and the playwright, teacher of acting and business man, Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko.



CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY

Illustrious as being one of the founders, the directing genius, and the principal artist of the Moscow Art Theatre. There is no more interesting figure in things dramatic in the world today. At the left, Stanislavsky is seen as Count Liubin in Turgenieff's "A Lady From the Provinces"

(A notable collection of Moscow Art Theatre pictures will be found on the following pages)

The eighteen-hour session at a Moscow café table in June, 1897, between these two esthetic rebels has become as firm a foundation stone in the traditional history of the Moscow Art Theatre as the legend of the cherry tree in the biography of our first president. Out of that session was evolved the plan for the theatre, a co-operative enterprise with an ambitious goal, but it is doubtful whether in their wildest dreams either of them foresaw the heights to which their project would reach or the influence which it would exert over the whole course of the modern Russian theatre and even the theatre of the world at large. If anyone had painted a picture of their infant twenty-five years after and had assured them that both of them would still be in active control of its destinies on excursion to the opposite side of the earth, they would probably have dismissed him as an erratic busybody.

The wheels began to turn at once in the development of the project in the same patient, painstaking manner which has characterized every step of their quarter-century existence. A year and a summer passed with rehearsals of the first season's repertory. The theatre opened in the autumn of 1898 with Count Alexei Tolstoy's historical tragedy, "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," a gorgeous and profoundly moving spectacle which has been securely retained in the repertory ever since. The succeeding productions of plays by Hauptmann, Pisemsky, Shakespeare and Goldoni failed to repeat the success of the opening bill, but fortune turned favorable once more with the disclosure of Anton Tchekoff's "The Sea Gull." Although a failure previously in Petrograd, this play scored such an emphatic triumph at the hands of this new group that its title became popularly associated with the theatre and gave it the insignia of a gull skimming the water which it uses to this day.

The discovery of Tchekoff by the Art Theatre and of the Art Theatre by Tchekoff was one of those happy co-ordinations which happen once in an artistic generation to renew human hope in idealistic endeavor. Which of the two—playwright or playhouse—owes the more to the other, has always been a moot question in Moscow. The association once begun continued for six years or until the playwright's death. Under it, three other plays of the first magnitude were written and produced—"Uncle Vanya," "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard." Certainly the latter two owe their birth in dramatic instead of narrative form to the encouragement which Tchekoff obtained through the success of the first two plays of the quartette.

THE GROWTH OF A REPERTOIRE

IN serving as spiritual underwriter to Tchekoff, the Moscow Art Theatre had performed a function comparable only to the Irish Players sponsorship of Synge. In its fifth season, it extended a similar helping hand to Maxim Gorky by the production of his "Smug Citizens" and "The Lower Depths," better known to us through its German title, "Nachtasyl" or "Night

*As we go to press announcement is definitely made by Morris Gest that he is bringing the Moscow Art Theatre to New York in January, for a season of repertory.

VASSILY KATCHALOFF

Principal actor of the Moscow Art Theatre after Stanislavsky and famous as the greatest of the Russian Hamlets. At the right, Katchaloff is seen in his remarkable portrayal of the renegade Baron in Gorky's "Lower Depths"

OLGA KNIPPER

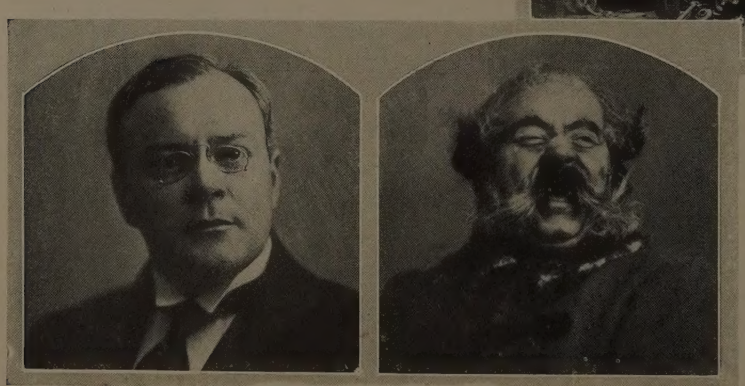
(Upper right) Leading actress of the company and widow of the playwright Tchekoff. Seen here as the Queen in Count Alexei Tolstoy's "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch"

The simple yet rich setting of the palace in Act II of Count Alexei Tolstoy's "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch"

(Below) The abject squalor of the lodging in Gorky's "Lower Depths," seen recently in this country as "Night Lodging"

IVAN BERSENIEFF

The young "leading man" of the Art Theatre, noted for his portrayal of romantic juvenile rôles



NIKOLAI MASSALITINOFF

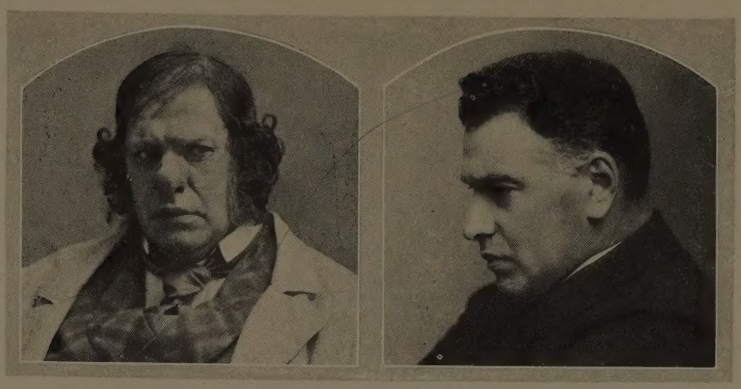
Highly popular low comedian of the company. Seen at the right as the comic Lieutenant in Saltuikoff's "The Death of Pazuhin"

MARIA

One of the most interesting actresses of the younger the highly dramatic rôle of the daughter in

SOME PERSONALITIES AND PRODUCTIONS

The Internationally Famous Stanislavsky Art Theatre of Moscow May Soon



VLADIMIR GRIBUNIN

The company's foremost player of character parts, as himself and in character. These and other portraits in this group illustrate strikingly the Russian's genius for make-up and the sincerity that attends his assuming another personality

MARIA ZHDANOVA

(Upper left) One of the outstanding young emotional actresses and graduate of the "studio" system of training —which gives the Russian actor a splendid apprenticeship

The admirable stage grouping—typical of all Stanislavsky productions—in Act III of Andreyev's powerful drama, "Anathema"

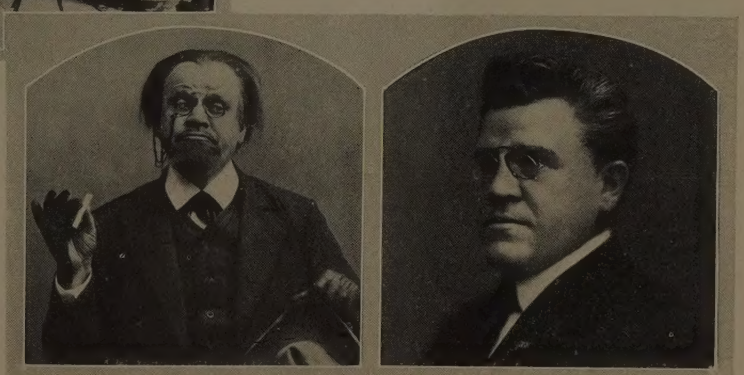
(Below) The company is blessed with small part players who are artists—an immensely real scene in Gogol's "Inspector General"

OLGA BAKLANOVA

Whose rare beauty contributes much to her interpretation of what we know as "ingenue" rôles

GERMANOVA

generation—at the right as herself—at the left in Griboyedoff's "The Sorrows of the Spirit"



IVAN MOSKVIN

The leading high comedian of the Russian stage. Seen at the left in Ostrovsky's play "Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man"

OF RUSSIA'S MOST NOTED PLAYHOUSE

Follow Its Gayer Confrère the Chauve-Souris to the Boards of Broadway

Lodging." As the repertory developed, year by year, Andreieff, too, found encouragement by the production of "The Life of Man," "Anathema," "Yekaterina Ivanovna" and "Thought."

Meanwhile, the Russian classics were searched and their treasures restored to contemporary view with the revival of such plays as Gogol's "Revizor" or "The Inspector General," Pushkin's "Boris Godunoff," Griboyedoff's "The Sorrows of the Spirit," Ostrovsky's "The Snow Maiden" and "Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man," Count Lyof Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse" ("Redemption"), and dramatizations of Dostoievsky's novels, "The Brothers Karamazoff," "Nikolai Stavrogin" ("The Possessed"), and "The Village Stepantchikovo" ("The Friend of the Family").

Other dramatic literatures were not forgotten, either. Almost the entire acting canon of Ibsen found its way to this stage. Three plays of Knut Hamsun were honored by production. Shakespeare was represented more than once—most notably by "Hamlet" with the collaboration of Gordon Craig, who lived an entire winter in Moscow in its preparation. Molière and Goldoni had their innings. And not the least important foray into foreign fields was the production of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" a full two years before even Paris saw it.

Coincident with the expansion of the repertory, Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko set about to recruit a company with a fresh and unstilted viewpoint. From among his amateur associates of the Moscow Literary and Artistic Circle, Stanislavsky brought his wife, Mme. Lilina; Vassily Luzhsky, a character actor of broad range; and Alexander Artyom, amazingly deft delineator of the rôles of wizened old men. From his pupils at his school of acting, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko brought Mme. Knipper, later to become the wife of Tchekoff; Ivan Moskvin, today Russia's leading high comedian; and V. Meyerhold, now one of the Moscow Art Theatre's leading rivals among Russian producers with headquarters usually in Petrograd.

Little by little the company grew. Its almost instantaneous success gave its directors first call on the services of budding genius wherever it cropped up. By a contagious alchemy of the spirit, which has baffled the descriptive powers of all Russian critics, Stanislavsky implanted in his associates an inner vision of plays and rôles and a general method of spiritual and psychological as well as superficially realistic interpretation which distinguished the theatre's productions from all others.

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE EXPERIMENT

IT is not within the province of a brief article to analize closely the esthetic theories which have held sway at one time and another on the stage of the Moscow Art Theatre. The perfection of the existing realism of the 'nineties was the first goal—the achievement of such an accurate and convincing copy of life that it would seem to be life itself. Mere correction of existing faults soon grew into a search for the particular and absolutely essential details which were necessary for conveying this semblance of life. A third step involved experiments with symbolic interpretation of life and a fourth the richer embodiment of these symbolic methods by means of significant realistic detail—or, if you prefer it the other way round, the spiritual emphasis on the psychological backgrounds of realistic representation. The result, therefore, has been a constant growth toward perfection in the interpretation of the plays in its repertory. Such plays as "Tsar Fyodor" and Tchekoff's "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard" are not merely repeated by rote today as they were originally given in the early days of the theatre, but with the fuller experience and skill and insight which years of patient and courageous experiment have placed at these artists' command.

No glimpse of this unique theatrical organization, however hasty, is complete without attention to a few of its most characteristic customs. The same thoroughness which was devoted to the preparation of the first season's repertory has been applied to every one of the sixty-odd productions. Two years, in some instances, have been accorded to the rehearsals of a play. A hint of the earnestness with which these Russians take their profession and of the ends to which they go to create the unbroken illusion of life on their stage is seen in the refusal to admit anyone to the auditorium after the curtain rises until the end of the first act and in their taboo on curtain calls or applause.

The influence of the Moscow Art Theatre on the entire course of the modern Russian stage is nothing short of phenomenal. The theatres and producers which have not tried to emulate its methods have devised their own theories and methods as a direct protest against those maintained by the Art Theatre. In Russia you are either enthusiastically for the Moscow Art Theatre—and these are the vast majority—or you are bitterly against it. And even if you oppose it, you are bound to admire and respect it. On its stage and in its schools and its four Studio Theatres, nearly every important personage now active on the stages of Moscow and Petrograd had his early training. And not the least of these is Nikita Balieff—he of the Chauve-Souris—who in the course of the negotiations between Morris Gest, who is the probable American manager of the Moscow Art Theatre, and the emissary of the Art Theatre this last summer served as sponsor for each party to the other. It is not too much to say that if it hadn't been for the round-faced and round-framed Puck of the Chauve-Souris, the Moscow Art Theatre would not now by planning to pack its bags for its American tournee.

"PELLEAS AND MELISANDE."

Like two wan ghosts of passion, pitiful
In lack of comprehension of the world,
Having forgotten all things save their love,
Impelled by cynic destiny, they walk
Amid the tragic mazes of their lives.
With lips upraised like flowers in the dark,
Hand clasped in hand, they travel to their doom
Like children to their beds. Their hearts are scarred
With wounds of hate they cannot understand
And their short questioning is smothered by
Inexorable Fate. Immortal ones,
Pure lovers, melancholy spirits, we
Have also felt the poisoned mists of life
Rise up to choke us and we call to you
Weeping for what you lost but blessing death,
Inevitable death, for what you gained.

Leolyn Louise Everett

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

Perhaps the Most Photographed of Actresses Caught In a Rare and Stirring Study by Count de Strelecki

Are the Theatre's Troubles to End?

Augustus Thomas, New Grand Arbiter of Broadway's Fate, Pictures Bright Outlook

By HELEN TEN BROECK

AT this moment Augustus Thomas stands the unchallenged prime minister of the American stage. A unanimous vote of the Producing Managers' Association—a body whose membership includes the Belascos, the Frohmans, the Klaws, the Dillinghams, the Erlangers, the Shuberts, the Cohans, Harrises, Broadhursts and Tylers of the theatre and such younger enthusiasts in the field as the Hopkinses, the Goldens, the Selwyns, the Pembertons and others—have conferred upon him the powers and prerogatives of sole First Consul of the drama.

In Mr. Thomas is vested fullest authority to hear all questions affecting the interwoven interests of managers, players and playwrights—the eternal triangle of the stage and to render judgment in all differences. And so far as managers are concerned, there is no appeal from his decisions.

In the midst of this busiest period of the theatrical year, the season of fall rehearsals and productions, the most absorbing topic among theatrical people, the topic that overshadows all others, is the appointment of Mr. Thomas to this unique and newly created office. No man associated with the theatre has touched life at more points nor at more widely separated poles than Augustus Thomas, playwright, law student, railroad mechanic (the new overlord of the theatre holds a pride approaching haughtiness in his early work on a western railroad, and his youthful membership in one of the big bodies of organized labor), newspaper man, athlete, student of psychology and of life.

His earliest incursion into the field of honest toil was as a page boy in the capitol of Washington, where as a particularly alert and knowing youngster he seems to have picked up at first hand a fine fund of information as to the governing bodies of our country and an uncanny familiarity with parliamentary procedure that has stood him in good stead during later years as a member of the legislative body of the State of New York and a figure of prominence in the National Committee of the political party with which he is affiliated.

WELL EQUIPPED FOR TASK

AS a dramatist Mr. Thomas, who has always "produced" his own plays (in the sense of directing rehearsals), and has even acted in several of them, has come into closer relations than most writers with the three powers of the stage—actor, manager, and the men who build and paint the scenery which exploits the dramatist's idea. Thus he has developed close technical knowledge and clearly focussed vision of the other man's point of view that peculiarly fit him for an office requiring a fine sense of justice, a peculiar talent for getting things done as he believes they should be done, an enormous tact in unifying widely divergent concepts into a harmonious whole. All these qualities, plus a generous and open mind and a robustly vigorous executive faculty, should prove valuable to actor and manager alike and co-ordinate the efforts of producer and player to the benefit alike of stage and the public. This, at least, is the conclusion of the men and women who discuss the new state of things in places where stage people voice their rights and their wrongs, their beliefs and their dissidencies.

"Why did you select Mr. Thomas for his present position?" asked *Theatre Magazine* of Mr. Sam H. Harris, President of the Producing Managers' Association.

"Because we believed him, after discussing every man who seemed available for the place, to be the best man for the place. First of all for his sense of justice, his love of a square deal for both sides of any controversy that shows in his plays and his fearless personal integrity.

> **"One thing that I certainly do not intend to do is to impose or attempt to impose upon the managers any ideas of my own as to the character of their plays. The theatre is an institution that lives by an excess of individualism. Nothing would be more sterilizing than a stencil."**
>
> *—Augustus Thomas*

"In an association where so many different points of view are held and where so many members have widely varying interests, we need a man who knows the stage from A to Z, who has wisdom and breadth of views sufficient to look over and under and through all the different angles of questions involved in our various activities and see a way of reconciling the manifold divergent views that every problem of the theatre presents."

In his big office in the rooms of the Producing Managers' Association, the new First Consul of the theatre welcomed a chat with *Theatre Magazine*.

"What do I hope to do in this job?" he echoed in answer to the obvious first question. "I wish I could tell you," he said, "but it would be premature and idle to say how we hope to do this thing, or that or the other. Nothing is an accomplishment, no matter how clearly planned, how dearly hoped for and worked for, until it *is* accomplished. Then it speaks for itself. Problems to be solved? Of course; but the armed and bristling thing that looms up now as a difficulty may adjust itself and fall into normal relationship tomorrow with the thing it seems to challenge and menace today. So perhaps the things I want to do in this job are doing themselves now. And other problems may be shaping themselves for later solution. Things are always changing. Nothing is static. The main thing is to adjust ourself harmoniously to ever altering conditions.

"Three things," continued Mr. Thomas, "stand out as claiming special adjustment in the theatre just now, and to these matters the Producing Managers' Association are giving the deepest attention. First, the evil of ticket speculation—the matter of faith by the box office with its public. Laws to control and check this form of graft have been enacted by the Legislature. Managers are charged with the duty of seeing that these laws are enforced. Many plans have been tried for remedying the evil, with many degrees of temporary success; but a united carefully wrought out plan of campaign diligently prosecuted has not yet been put to the test. *Such a campaign will be waged with vigor by the P. M. A. until the law is respected and fully enforced.*

AGAINST POLITICAL CENSORSHIP

ANOTHER evil, and a very grave one, that threatens the theatre, is the matter of a political censorship of the stage. Against this official meddling the Producing Managers' Association stands squarely opposed. We shall unite with the Authors' League and affiliated associations in prosecuting vigorously any such censorship. How? Well, the Authors League has worked out a plan of jury decision, by which plays deserving condemnation will be silenced promptly. With reputable managers united to uphold their verdict, theatres will be unavailable for the exploitation of improper plays. This will not be a one man or a one woman jury, but a big well balanced court of the stage. And let me say, right here," continued Mr. Thomas earnestly, "one thing that I certainly do not intend to do is to impose or attempt to impose upon the managers any ideas of my own as to the character of their plays. The theatre is an institution that lives by an excess of individualism. Nothing would be more sterilizing than a stencil.

"A third condition which now confronts the stage at this moment with a variety of newer aspects, is its relation to organized labor. Here is a tangle of misunderstandings to be smoothed away. That is to say, when a clear understanding is arrived at in matters just now clouded by misconception of relationships, it will be seen that no real antagonisms exist—only quite adjustable differences as to means of attaining the same ends. Good sense, good feeling and a mutual understanding are wonderful peace makers."

Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARIA GAMBARELLI

A captivating young Italian—graduate of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and pupil of the greatest Russian and Italian dancing masters—whose art daily delights the audiences of the immense Capitol Theatre.

De Strelecki

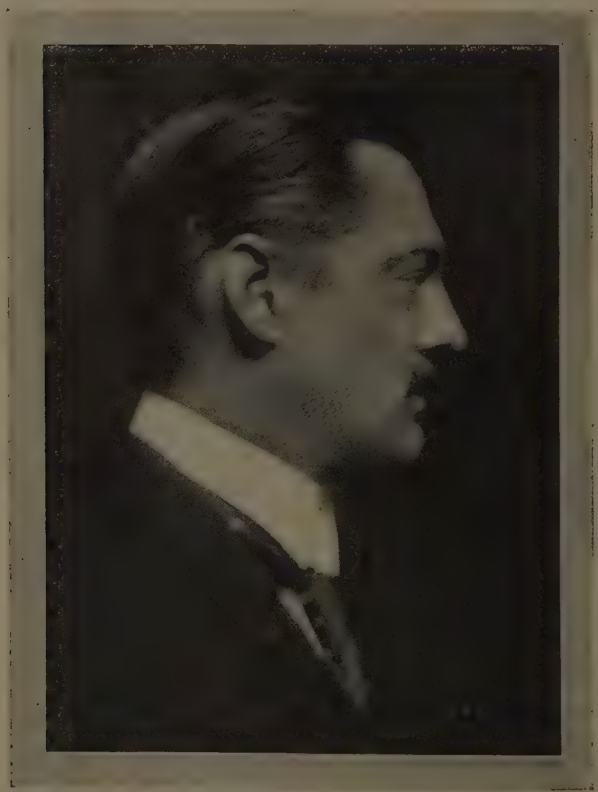
LOU TELLEGEN

Now starring in a condensed "Blind Youth" in the Keith houses

Alfred Cheney Johnston

JOHN BARRYMORE

Soon to star in a new play under the Hopkins banner



Alfred Cheney Johnston

LIONEL BARRYMORE

The star of "The Fountain," Eugene O'Neill's newest play

Raymor

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

To play the title rôle in "Peer Gynt," a promised production by the Guild

A PAGE OF PROFILES

An Unusual Group of Four of the Handsomest Men on the Stage

Going Broke for Art's Sake

Adventures in Making and Losing Millions in the Sweet Cause of Beauty

By MORRIS GEST

INTO four dramatic presentations, any one of which trebled the cost of the average production, Morris Gest has sunk a good sized fortune—"The Wanderer," "Chu Chin Chow," "Aphrodite," and "Mecca"—theatrical spectacles gargantuan in size, infinite in detail, dazzling in prismatic coloring, epics of the stage. Incidentally he has done something more than lose a fortune; he has conceived an unsurpassable standard of dramatic endeavor, created for America a thing that can be equalled nowhere in the world. And less than thirty years ago Morris Gest was an awe-inspired lad of nine, landing on the shores of an alien land, ambitious, hungry, bewildered—one small, insignificant personality waiting to be swallowed up.—The Editor.

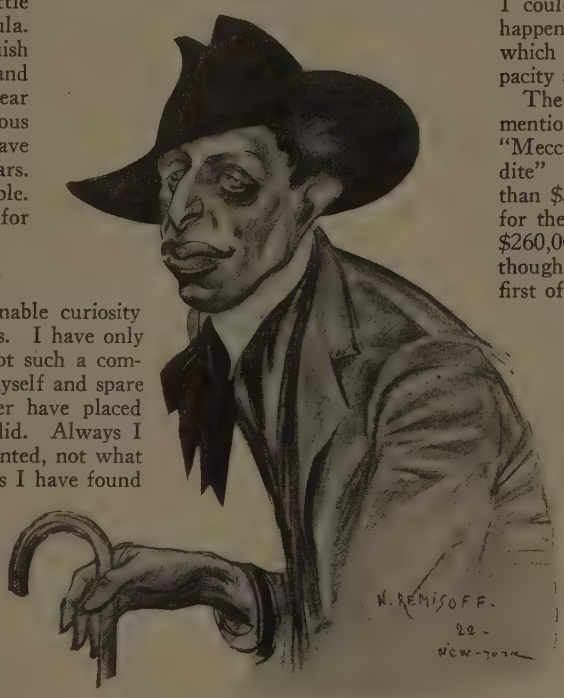
BEING a theatrical manager on Broadway is not usually synonymous with bankruptcy. The Muse of Art can be put on a paying basis. Silk tights, laughter, something naughty, and a little music—there is one infallible formula. However, much the Muse may languish for loftier altitudes, audiences will pay and clever managers reap the harvest. I fear I can not be numbered among the sagacious managers, for in the past four years I have lost over three-quarters of a million dollars. The fact stands out distinct and immutable. I do not begrudge a cent of it however, for it has taught me aplenty.

MY SUCCESSFUL FAILURES

MANY people have shown a pardonable curiosity in regard for my financial failures. I have only myself to blame. Perhaps if I were not such a complete egoist—I may as well confess it myself and spare my critics the pleasure—I would never have placed myself in the embarrassing position I did. Always I have tried to give the public what *I* wanted, not what *they* were supposed to want. Sometimes I have found a great many people who liked the things I liked. Other times I have not found so many. In any case I have done what I considered my best, have expressed myself—the thing I saw, the emotion I felt, the picture I admired, the story that captivated me. Art, when you come to define it, is really Life seen through a temperament. If there are enough temperaments at large to see it as you do, then—possibly—your production will be a financial success. Otherwise it will not.

There is a tradition in the theatrical world that sooner or later every producer of big theatrical enterprises goes broke. With rare exceptions this has been the fate of many of our producers who attained success only to die practically penniless. Henry Abbey, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, Sheridan Shooks, Maurice Grau—even dear Charles Frohman—all made fortunes and lost them before they died. I do not mean to place myself in a category with these men; but the fact remains that in one respect at least I share their immortality—I too have gone broke. My only consolation is that I have done so in the interest of the theatre. I have given the American stage its most superb spectacular productions.

They proved of immense interest to the public, but unfortunately I am bad at arithmetic. I never stopped to figure how much a production would cost. I never stopped to figure how much money a theatre would hold at capacity prices. If the sum total of production exceeded the sum total of receipts, naturally I lost money.



MR. GEST AS SEEN BY REMISOFF

When I produced spectacles that could not possibly pay expenses, even if every seat in the theatre was sold at every performance, then the lesson was brought home to me that I would have to watch the dollars or else go to the poor house. By the time I locked the stable door the horse was stolen.

WHAT BELASCO SAID

MY losses on "The Wanderer," "Chu Chin Chow," "Aphrodite," and "Mecca" were terrific. On the opening night of "Mecca" at the Century Theatre Mr. Belasco took me to one side—after the sensational Fokine Ballet—and said "Russian," he always calls me Russian instead of by my first name, "you have gone as far as any man can go. No one can surpass this, probably no one will ever equal it. It is the crowning spectacular achievement of the stage and of your career, and now it is time to stop." I felt at that moment that I had failed, but at the same time, knew that I had succeeded. And yet these four productions were not financial failures in themselves. The trouble was that they simply cost too much, and even if I sold out I couldn't break even. The same thing happened to Mr. Belasco's "Debureau," which played six months to absolute capacity and lost $135,000.

The actual cost of the four productions mentioned totaled more than $1,000,000. "Mecca" alone cost me $408,000. "Aphrodite" required the expenditure of more than $300,000 before the curtain went up for the first time. "Chu Chin Chow" cost $260,000, while "The Wanderer," although a very elaborate production and the first of the series, actually cost only $175,000. All these ventures were made at a time when lumber and materials were higher in price than ever before in the world's history, due to the war. The cost of production was not excessive, but the salaries of actors, stage hands, musicians and artists, were higher than ever before.

STAGGERING SALARIES

THE salary lists and dress rehearsal costs were staggering. Stage hands and carpenters made as high as $280 a week during the period of rehearsals due to the system of double pay for overtime. It became necessary to postpone "Aphrodite" for one week and owing to existing contracts with players and theatre I had to pay out in cash $41,000 for the salaries of more than 250 people, together with double pay for orchestra and stage hands for one entire week of extra rehearsals.

Of course, in speaking of these enormous expenditures the fact must not be overlooked that the receipts were likewise enormous. We played to the biggest business ever known in most of the theatres. In Cleveland we actually played "Aphrodite" in one week to $100,000, yet what I made that week I lost soon afterwards. Once a manager said to me, in settling up the accounts for a week that averaged $40.000 gross receipts:

"Well, Mr. Gest, I hope you won't bring me another of these big shows, because even when we sell out we have to pay so much for stage hands and other expenses that the theatre hardly makes a cent."

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Portrait by Henri Manuel of Paris

SACHA GUITRY

A luminary of great brilliance in the Parisian dramatic world, whose plays, such as "Deburau" and "The Grand Duke" are already known to New York and who may come himself to act on Broadway with his gifted father, Lucien Guitry, and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, later in the season.

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Monster

A melodrama by Crane Wilbur produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre by Joseph M. Gaites, on August 9th, with the following cast:

Caliban, Walter James; "Red" Mackenzie, Frank McCormack; Julie Cartier, Marguerite Risser; Alvin Bruce, McKay Morris; Dr. Gustave Ziska, Wilton Lackaye; A Man, Charles Wray Wallace.

NOT since the Princess Theatre players disbanded has a more Grand Guignolesque entertainment been seen in New York than this frankly extravagant thriller by Crane Wilbur. It is distinctly in a class by itself as a purveyor of gruesome chills and is guaranteed to curdle the blood of even the most sophisticated. As a matter of fact, "The Monster" is highly sophisticated entertainment—so sophisticated as to be a little over the heads of the clan who customarily turn to theatres where the conventional mystery melodrama is being offered. When we start dealing with sadistic surgeons who like cutting up people alive and people our plays with horribly distorted and made-up legless cripples we are going in for a form of entertainment that vies with the highly intellectual horrors of the famous little theatre in Paris that specializes in such things.

"The Monster" is admirably done. The play is crude in its dialogue at times, but it has been staged and mounted superbly. In fact, the sets are as fine as I've ever seen in a production of the sort—reeking with the intended atmosphere of the piece and lit to perfection. Lawrence Marston has done a fine bit of work with his direction of the production and a word in favor of J. H. M. Dudley, who is responsible for the scenes, is exceedingly in place. With simplicity and intelligence, Dudley has put more terror into his scene in the vivisection room than has been put into many another scene of atmospheric horror by exaggerated art.

Crane Wilbur's story is based on the soundest Grand Guignol tenets. Three strangers—a girl and two men—are cast by circumstance and a bad storm into the home of Dr. Ziska, a mysterious surgeon living in deserted country. Not even the strange things which happen—the shutting of doors of their own accord and the extraordinary behavior of a giant black servant cause the strangers to flee (a hardihood which would not be shared by your humble reviewer!) and before long they are hopelessly in the clutches of the monster, Ziska, who discloses himself to be a maniac whose special tendency is the vivisection of live bodies. This pretty gentleman, with the assistance of his giant servant and a legless, faceless creature who crawls around armed with a blackjack, is about to make away with his visitors when, as they say, "things happen." What the things are, I shan't tell, but suffice to say, the entertainment is clogged with fierce apprehension and interest and I recommend it cordially to those who like that sort of thing. And I warn against it those who don't!

The cast is excellent. Mr. Lackaye, as the fiend Ziska, gives a performance that excels anything he has done for some time. Walter James is amazing as Caliban, the mute giant.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—An admirable comedy of nonsense, played to the King's taste by Wallace Eddinger.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED—A notable production of Andreyev's poetic tragedy—the theatre at its best.

KEMPY—An amusing and human little comedy that captivates by its natural charm and bubbling humor.

KIKI—Not for the play, but for the amazing performance of its title rôle by Lenore Ulric.

SHORE LEAVE—A second rate comedy made first class by Belasco care and a performance of unusual appeal by Frances Starr.

Shore Leave

A comedy by Hubert Osborne, produced at the Lyceum Theatre, by David Belasco, August 8th, with the following cast:

"Bilge" Smith, U.S.N., James Rennie; Cap'n Martin, Reginald Barlow; Fred Gwynne, Schuyler Ladd; Rear-Admiral Smith, Stanley Jessup; Smith, Samuel E. Hines; "Bat" Smith, Thomas E. Jackson; First Sailor, John F. Hamilton; Second Sailor, H. Percy Woodley; Third Sailor, Paul E. Wilson; Fourth Sailor, Bernard Sussman; Fifth Sailor, Jose Torres; Sixth Sailor, Jose Yovin; Seventh Sailor, Kenneth Diven; Bimby, Nick Long; Connie Martin, Frances Starr; Mrs. Schuyler-Payne, Evelyn Carter Carrington; Aunt Hetsy, Mrs. Jacques Martin; Georgie Demarest, Audrey Baird; Evelyn Gardner, Ellen Southbrook; Irene, Betty Alden; Gladys, Marjorie Booth; Ruth, Teris Loring; Edith, Devah Worrell.

ANOTHER Belasco success! It is extraordinary how the man does it. And yet again, looked at from a purely technical angle, it is not so extraordinary. "Shore Leave," produced by any one of six or seven managers that I might name (and some day will), would have been a dull-as-dish-water failure and run perhaps a month with generous use of a pulmotor and "paper." But done in the Belasco manner with the Belasco care, it steps out of the run of the commonplace and becomes a more than entertaining piece. Added to Belasco talent, in his every production, is Belasco love for the job he has chosen to be his. The principle of slap-dash prevalent in the work of nine out of ten of the alleged "directors" of Broadway, is replaced in his case by attention to the minutest detail, whether in the matter of casting, lighting, staging or directing. A Belasco production may not be high art but it comes near enough to seem like it to be corking good "business."

Mr. Osborne's play is the lightest, most trivial script imaginable. Its story deals with a sailor who blows into the life of a New England seaport dressmaker and blows out again. But she has not forgotten the one kiss nor the flutter brought to her heart by the blue suit and fair face of him. For two years she waits hopefully but in vain. He has forgotten, though she does not like to think so. The fleet returns and she resorts to the dodge of

(*Continued on page* 228)

Photos by White

1. "Bilge" Smith, U.S.N. (*James Rennie*) casually enters the adventureless life of Connie Martin (*Frances Starr*), spinster dressmaker, and after a good meal and a parting kiss as casually goes out of it.

2. As the fleet moves out of the harbor in Connie's seaport home with "Bilge" aboard, Connie realizes a bit hopelessly that at last she is in love.

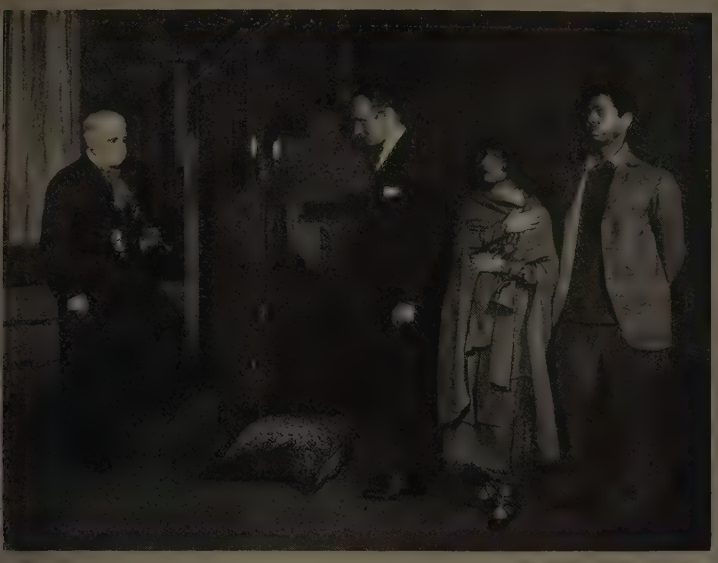
3. (*In oval*) For two years Connie awaits news of the wanderer in vain, and then, when the fleet comes in again, finds "Bilge" by giving a party to all the Smiths in harbor. He pretends to remember her.

5. Connie disposes of her property and returns to dressmaking and her old neighbor Cap'n Martin (*Reginald Barlow*), hopeful that "Bilge" will again return. We leave you to guess whether he does or not.

4. First, touched by Connie's fidelity, "Bilge" wants to marry her but upon learning that she now owns the freighter on which he stands he elects to return to the life of a bachelor rather than have a wife who is richer than himself.

THE NEW PLAY

Frances Starr Brings Charm and Humor to her Latest Success "Shore Leave"



otos by White

An accident and a storm bring three rangers, "Red" Mackenzie (*Frank McCormack*), Julie Cartier (*Marguerite Risser*) and Alvin Bruce (*McKay Morris*) the sinister home of the strange Dr. Ziska (*Wilton Lackaye*).

Dr. Ziska, who now shows himself to be madman of Sadistic tendencies, wishes to vivisect his victims for scientific purposes. turns several jolts of electricity into Bruce to prove he means business.

2. Dr. Ziska's hospitality hardly accepted, fearful things begin to happen and Ziska's mute giant servant, Caliban (*Walter James*), assists him in the attempted destruction of his visitors.

3. (*In oval*) In the momentary tranquillity of the room in which they are locked, Julie and Bruce forget the terrors threatening them in the unexpected realization that they are friends of a bygone day.

5. Bruce strapped to an electric death chair and Julie to an operating table have one last desperate moment together. Nearby can be heard the clink of Ziska's operating instruments. We leave you guess whether they are rescued and, if so, how!

THE NEW PLAY

"The Monster" Brings a Genuine Breath of the Grand Guignol to Broadway

giving a party for all the Smiths on board—her own Prince Charming is yclept "Bilge" Smith—in an effort to either see him again or have tidings of him. The scheme works. Into the trap walks "Bilge" brightly and briskly from the deck of a newly arrived destroyer.

But he has forgotten her. Two years mean many new transient sweeties to a sailor and it is not until he sees how faithful she has been to him that he endeavors to conceal his faulty memory and pretends to remember all. *Enfin,* touched beyond words by her seeming devotion he becomes suddenly imbued with a realization that this is the sort of girl he should marry if he is to settle down, and he asks her to wed him.

But the dramatic course of true love achieves its customary rough water. "Bilge" balks when suddenly he learns that his new fiancée has become wealthy since their first encounter and now owns a freighter. It is more than he can stand. And, protesting that a wife with an income is not for him, he goes off again just as before. Desolate (but persistent, I'll say!) the girl jettisons all her riches and returns to dressmaking for a living, hopeful that some day "Bilge" will learn all and come back again. In all fairness, I refrain from disclosing more!

As I have hinted above, it would take a Belasco—aided perhaps, by a Frances Starr—to lend charm or novelty or anything else meritorious to this old, old tale of the "lass who loved a sailor." I hope that when the idea for the play occurred to Mr. Osborne he was not stunned by the novelty of it. But coming, as it has, through the mill of superb production, "Shore Leave" is more or less of a delight and not to be missed by people who go to the playhouse to enjoy themselves. It is happy, gay—and, for what it is, perfect. Miss Starr is at her very best as Connie Martin, the most resolute man-hunter I have seen on the stage in many a moon. It is a part that suits her prettiness and faint suggestion of old-worldliness to perfection. She will probably play it for a long time to come.

Mr. Belasco's cast is excellent. James Rennie is capital as the hesitant seaman who comes and goes. And the assembled Smiths are immensely funny.

Whispering Wires

A melodrama by Kate L. McLaurin, produced at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre by the Messrs. Shubert, on August 7th, with the following cast:

Ann Cartwright, Bertha Mann; Walters, Stanley Harrison; Payson, George Lynch; Doris Stockbridge, Olive Tell; Montgomery Stockbridge, Ben Johnson; James Bennett, William Webb; Barry McGill, Paul Kelly; Drew, George Howell; Delaney, M. Tello Webb; Jackson, Willard Robertson; The Trouble Hunter, Malcolm Duncan; Jeannette, Gaby Fleury.

IT will be the unhappy fate of every mystery melodrama during the next few years to be called imitations of "The Bat" and graded comparatively. I must say that in this instance, at least, I am inclined to indulge myself in the same critical weakness. "The Bat" was a masterpiece of its sort. Terrible things happened, to confuse and paralyze the helpless audience, but they were all of them based on an intelligent development of the plot, were integral elements of its idea, and could be completely explained at the end. "Whispering Wires" belongs to the class of thrillers that are resolved to thrill whether or no. There is a corking scheme for the commission of murder contained in its several acts but not much else.

As a matter of fact, the play's author has obviously builded her work on the good old principle with which much mystery fiction is created. Devise an ingenious way of doing away with some one, and then write your story backwards is the rule. Miss McLaurin has done just that. But whatever skill and ingenuity that talented creator of fiction may possess was exhausted apparently by her invention of the *modus operandi.* The accompanying and outlying situations are banal and unplausible, and great stretches of dialogue are devoted to such scenes as the accusation of the hero with even the gallery gods out front unmoved by the pinhead operations of the most asinine detective any stage has ever had to support.

Montgomery Stockbridge, a millionaire-something-or-other (played finely, by the way, by Ben Johnson), receives a mysterious death threat which announces his forthcoming demise within two hours of the warning's receipt. A private detective called in to guard the old fellow surrounds the house with his men, but neglects to take the precaution to guard him personally and Stockbridge dies as prophesied—shot in what we are asked to believe is some mysterious way. Actually, the least intelligent investigation of the murder would disclose absolutely the manner of the death. But instead of investigation we have endless talk and bogus accusations that are as weak as water. As a matter of fact, if it were not for a scene in the first act which is just a little more filled with suspense than any other scene I've ever witnessed in the theatre, I would say that "Whispering Wires" could not possibly continue whispering for very much longer. It is the scene in which Stockbridge, left alone in his library, is about to be killed. We're sure of the fact he's *going* to be killed—but when and how are the fearful questions that would keep any audience on tenterhooks.

There are no performances of any particular merit in the production, apart from Mr. Johnson's. Olive Tell is an exceedingly stereotyped heroine.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

THE MONSTER—A frankly exaggerated but superbly staged thriller of the Grand Guignol pattern—the best of its kind.

CHAUVE-SOURIS—In a class by itself among musical entertainments. High art of the absolutely painless variety.

DAFFY-DILL—Frank Tinney in a show that really has some comedy in it. A rarity these days.

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES—Murray Anderson hasn't yet produced a show not worth going miles to see.

MUSIC BOX REVUE—An ornate, splendiferous show that has become too much of a classic to miss.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—A million dollars worth of girls in a million dollars worth of clothes—a carnival for the eye.

Daffy Dill

A musigirl comedy produced at the Appollo Theatre by Arthur Hammerstein on August 22nd, with the following principals:

Marion Sunshine, Irene Olsen, Ben Mulvey, Genevieve Markham, Frank Tinney, Harry Mayo, Guy Robertson, Rollin Grimes, and Georgia O'Ramey. Book by Guy Bolton and Oscar Hammerstein. Music by Herbert Stothart.

(*Continued on page* 268)

Portrait by E. O. Hoppé of London

Clown Studies by Sherril Schell

HE WHO ALSO GETS SLAPPED

Basil Sydney—A New and Fine Interpreter of Andreyev's Clown-Aristocrat

"Kempy"

A Comedy in Three Acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent

THIS gay and very human comedy contains all the ingredients calculated to make a mid-summer audience forget the heat and settle down to an evening's enjoyment of fine characterizations, clever lines, humor, surprises and good acting. An interesting feature of the production is that its authors, who are father and son, both play leading characters in its present production on Broadway. The following condensation is printed here through the courtesy of Richard C. Herndon and the authors.

THE CAST

(As produced by Mr. Richard G. Herndon at the Belmont Theatre.)

Ruth Bence	Ruth Nugent
"Dad" Bence	J. C. Nugent
"Ma" Bence	Jessie Crommette
Jane Wade	Helen Carew
Katherine Bence	Lotus Robb
Ben Wade	Robert Lee Allen
"Kempy" James	Elliott Nugent
"Duke" Merrill	Grant Mitchell

THE scene throughout the play is laid in the living room of an old fashioned house in a small New Jersey city. The room has been lived in by the same family for many years, the furniture looks used and comfortable, and there are obvious attempts on the part of the younger generation to off-set the cherished—but bad—oil paintings with a few things in good taste.

At the rise of the curtain Dad is sitting in his armchair, figuring in a note book. Ruth is at the piano singing and Ma is looking at "views" through a stereoscope.

"Dad" Bence, a retired manufacturer, is sharp eyed and sharp tongued, but has a deep vein of kindness under all his gruffness.

"Ma" Bence is a sweet, gray haired mother, a little vague about the movement of the newer world. Ruth, the youngest daughter, is quick witted, whimsical, and has an elfin prettiness.

RUTH: Don't wear your hat in the house, Daddy.

DAD: (*Indicating open door.*) My head gets cold.

MA: My, it's nice to get the work done early and sit down a minute. . . . Your hat looks awful in the house!

DAD: (*Snappily.*) Looks just the same outside.

Jane enters, having just run across the lawn from her own house. She is good looking, hearty and talkative, a natural product of her middle class environment, and conscious of her independence as the only married daughter of the house.

JANE: Hello, Ma, is Kate home yet?

MA: . . . It isn't train time yet.

JANE: It gets so lonesome with Ben away at Atlantic City.

DAD: (*Growling.*) What's he doing there?

JANE: You know, at the Shriners' Convention.

DAD: Always at conventions!

JANE: Well, Duke Merrill asked him along in his car when he went through here—and—they hadn't met since Duke went away— . . .

DAD: (*Without looking up.*) It'll cost five dollars to get that pipe fixed in the kitchen. (*Doorbell rings.*)

JANE: (*Glancing out window.*) It's the expressman.

MA: I'll bet Kate ordered some things home from New York. . . .

DAD: . . . Don't sign for them till we see what they are.

MA: Why, they're for Kate. (*Ruth enters with load of boxes and bundles. Jane follows with another box.*) . . . They're for that house party at Atlantic City.

DAD: I told her she could get one dress.

JANE: But Duke Merrill is down at Atlantic City.

DAD: That don't give her the right to buy the store out. . . . I may make her send them back! . . .

MA: Oh, Pa, you wouldn't do that. You'd break the child's heart.

White

ACT I.

DAD: Why the dickens didn't you go to the back door?
KEMPY: Why the dickens didn't you say so?

DAD: Child! She's past twenty-five. Acts like ten!

JANE: Ruth's the one that ought to have some new dresses. She hasn't had a thing this summer except her graduation dress. . . . You won't even send her away to school. . . . I know how it is. I had to put up with it till I got married. . . .

DAD: Oh, don't be so huffy! You know Kate's running me into debt head over heels!

RUTH: (*Looking out window.*) Oh, there's Kate. The bus is driving away!

DAD: Bus! Twenty-five cents more!

Kate enters. She has the impatient, youthful enthusiasms of a clever girl born in a commonplace environment. She is pretty, with a bubbling personality that makes her the favorite of the family in spite of their disapproval of her ever varying ambitions. She kisses everybody—Dad glaring at her new clothes.

KATE: (*To Ruth.*) Did my other things come yet? . . . Those big stores are so obliging when you have a charge account! Father, I am so proud of your name when I want to buy anything. They just look you up and give me anything I want. . . . It's nice to get home, but it seems dark in here! Everything is so bright in New York, after this old run down barn! . . .

DAD: How much are them bundles?

KATE: (*To Jane and Ma.*) THEM! (*To Dad.*) Those! Say "those." Gracious, I'm discouraged about ever writing any more when I hear the grammar of this family.

DAD: Sorry you're ashamed of us, but your pride don't pay the bills!

KATE: (*With blazing eyes.*) Well, it may pay them yet! . . .

DAD: How much was them—those—dresses? . . .

KATE: (*Sarcastically.*) Them—those—dresses were . . . not over eleven hundred for *all*.

DAD: It's no use. I've got to sell out.

KATE: And I *must* go to Atlantic City tomorrow. . . .

JANE: Oh, isn't he going to stay for the house party?

KATE: Who?

JANE: Duke, of course.

KATE: Duke wasn't to be at the house party. I didn't even know he was in Atlantic City. . . .

DAD: Didn't you buy them dresses for Duke? . . . I'd like to know what you did buy them for.

KATE: You'll know soon enough. . . . My chance is coming. (*Exits upstairs.*)

JANE: Father, you're not modern. Ben never noticed me until I got that outfit from New York.

DAD: Then what do yo keep on dressing expensive for after you've got him?

JANE: That's what I got him for. . . . You know Kate isn't just like the rest of us.

MA: No, she wrote that book.

DAD: That's what ruined her! . . .

JANE: Not any more than her painting and interior decoration and singing.

DAD: And elocution! And getting her hair bobbed!

JANE: And pantomine! That's what she's taking now. . . .

RUTH: Oh, well, she learned nursing too Don't forget that. She cured your rheumatism, Daddy. . . .

DAD: Yes, she was worse than the rheumatism!

MA: Oh, Kate would settle down and be happy if she was married. Her mistake was in refusing Duke that time two years ago. . . .

RUTH: Now, Daddy, you know you wouldn't want to marry a man if he had no money.

DAD: I would if I knew he was going to make it. A girl's got to learn to judge a man. But Kate's got no judgment—never did have—never will have. Wasn't for her I wouldn't have to sell this house. . . .

Ben Wade enters. He is the typical American small town business man, brisk, slangy, always a "good fellow," and with all the characteristics of the type who has been "on the

In "East Lynne" in Portland, aged 16

Marjorie at 11

As "Camille" in Spokane, aged 13

White

As the dope fiend in "Eyes of Youth"

Apeda

Her most recent rôle—Jenny in "The Goldfish"

White

As the palmist in "The Fortune Teller"

"Little Johnny Jones" in Salt Lake City

As Juanita in "The Rose of the Rancho"

(Motif by Lyman Brown)

"Master Willie Hewes" in Los Angeles

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGES—No. 1. MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Miss Rambeau was born in San Francisco, California. She went on the stage at the age of nine, appearing in "The Girl and the Tramp" in Oakland. At thirteen she was playing "Camille" in repertory in Spokane and subsequently played stock with Morosco and others in Portland, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and elsewhere. She made her New York début in "So Much For So Much" in December, 1914, and since has achieved great personal success in numerous star rôles

road." Dad discusses with Ben the sale of the house and gives him a signed option for the property. Jane tells Ben that Kate is going to Atlantic City and will doubtless meet Duke Merrill.

BEN: Why, he'll be here . . . on his way to New York. I asked Duke to stop off here and see Jane.
MA: Surely he'll stop in and see us.
BEN: Well, you know he and Kate haven't met since——
DAD: He's coming here! Then all that damn dress money is wasted!

Doorbell rings and, thinking it is Duke, the women rush upstairs to tell Kate. Ben opens the door and Kempy James appears, a wrench in his hand. He is a good looking boy of twenty, with a frank ingenuous manner, but easily flares into boyish anger.

KEMPY: I came from Hargers to fix the pipe in the kitchen.
DAD: (*In fierce disappointment.*) Why the dickens didn't you go to the back door?
KEMPY: Why the dickens didn't you say so?
DAD: Tramping on the carpet with your muddy feet.
KEMPY: My feet are not muddy. If you want that pipe fixed I'm here to do it.
DAD: Well go to the back door.
KEMPY: I went there first, and there's no one there.
DAD: Them your working clothes?
KEMPY: No, I'm to see what's to be done and then go back and get the stuff and come back.
DAD: And charge full time while you're changing clothes, I suppose.
KEMPY: You can settle that with Harger.
DAD: Harger's a thief!
KEMPY: Settle that with him too.
DAD: You're pretty sassy.
KEMPY: No, I am not, Mr. Bence. I spoke to you civilly but I don't see that I should stand for abuse for nothing. I'm not a plumber by trade, I'm an architect.
DAD: If you're an architect, what are you plumbing for?
KEMPY: . . . I'm working at it till I get some contracts in my own line. Can't afford to do nothing.
BEN: Better stick to plumbing. It's the next graft to real estate.
KEMPY: Thank you, sir. But I've made up my mind. (*Turning to Dad.*) I know what *I'm* going to be.
DAD: You know a whole lot, it seems to me. Come on out . . . *I'll* see how much you know.
KEMPY: I'll go around the back way if you wish.
DAD: Yes, and charge up the time. Come on. . . .
BEN: (*Excitedly, looking out window.*) There's Duke, and he's got his hand wrapped up as if it was hurt.
DAD: . . . Is that his car out there?
BEN: Yes, and it's got the windshield busted. Must have had a smash up. . . .
BEN: Let's go over and see what's happened. Maybe we can get him over here. . . . (*Dad and Ben exit.*)

Kempy stands looking after them bewildered, as Ruth comes down the stairs.

RUTH: . . . Did you want to see someone?
KEMPY: (*Confused by the sudden vision of girlish loveliness.*) Yes—no—I mean— . . . I came over to fix the plumbing . . .
RUTH: Won't you sit down?
KEMPY: It doesn't seem honest sitting down at four dollars an hour.
RUTH: Oh, Daddy won't care. He's worth a hundred thousand dollars.

Kempy tells her he learned plumbing in the army and wants to know all about it so he can be a good architect. He already has "an original plan for a church, with four steeples and a dome."

RUTH: That sounds just like the church in my sister's book. (*Getting book.*)

White

ACT II.

KATE makes a bold stand against DUKE on the subject of her marriage to the bewildered KEMPY

KEMPY: "Angie's Temptation". . . . I got it in a Y. M. C. A. in France. The Y. M. C. A.'s over there were full of them.
RUTH: We sent three hundred copies over there—we needed more room in the attic.
KEMPY: That's where I got my first idea—from the description of that church in it. I made mine just opposite.
RUTH: Oh, yes, the one in the book has four domes and a steeple. But I hope you build it your own way.
KEMPY: Anything I build will be done my own way. . . . The heroine in this story said she would love a man who was always determined to get what he wanted. . . .

Ruth tells him that her sister wrote the book, and shows him Kate's picture.

KEMPY: Gee, she looks just like I thought she would. No, I believe *you* look more like I thought. She's *older*.

Ruth directs Kempy to the kitchen, to look at the pipe.

KATE: (*Entering.*) . . . Who were you talking to down here?
RUTH: Oh, the most wonderful man. . . . He read your book . . . he said it inspired him and made him live his own life and get everything he wants! . . . He said he got an idea from your book that made him a great architect. . . .

Kate runs upstairs as Duke enters, his wrist bound with a handkerchief. He is a very successful business man, rather distinctive looking, and has an assured but simple and natural manner, with a keen sense of humor. The family come in and gather around Duke, vainly trying to get the doctor on the telephone and finally calling Kate to bring her first aid kit. She is absolutely helpless, unable to find anything, and looks in her first aid books for "Rules." Meanwhile Ruth skillfully binds up the wrist. Dad gets the family out of the way so Duke can talk to Kate alone.

KATE: . . . You said things before that hurt a little more than I care to be hurt.
DUKE: . . . I've spent two years regretting the way I put some things. . . . You won't find me so lacking in tact now. . . . I've grown in understanding. . . .
KATE: . . . What a little thing we quarrelled over—because I wanted an artistic career. . . . I couldn't marry you when you had no faith in me. It was your telling me I had no talent that made me determined to show you I had. So I'm glad you've come back to me just now. . . . I've just got my chance . . . to express myself . . . to prove to you and father and all of them that I'm not a failure . . . I'm going into musical comedy.
DUKE: Good Lord!
KATE: . . . I met Oscar Sherman, the big manager, in New York at a party, and . . . he said he had a part . . . just made for me. . . . My voice is good for musical comedy, Duke—it's a little light for grand opera—now I'm to go over to Atlantic City and rehearse with the company. I'm to meet Mr. Sherman at the Ambassador tomorrow. That's why I'm going over there!
DUKE: Oh, my God!
KATE: . . . Don't you think it's wonderful?
DUKE: It's wonderful that I found it out in time to stop you. . . . This man Sherman is pretty well known . . . don't you see, you poor, silly girl, he's trying to make what he would call a date with you at Atlantic City. . . . He doesn't even suppose that you took his story about the part seriously . . . you've had no experience, and you say it's a good part. You ought to know better—you're twenty-five years old. . . . I'll tell you what we'll do—you marry me first and when you show up with a husband . . . we'll see how strong you are with Mr. Oscar Sherman!
KATE: Oh, that's beastly of you—you think I have no talent!
DUKE: You've had years to prove that you have talent, Kate—you haven't any, dear—you can't paint, or sing, or write—in all this time you haven't produced one finished piece of work!
KATE: . . . How about my book . . . I know it never sold but at least it was published!
DUKE: (*Who, unknown to Kate, had published*

trait by Apeda

BOBBY CLARK

Who, after years of clowning in circus rings the country over and further years of broad comedy in the burlesque houses of the Columbia Wheel, has come at last into recognition as a drole without equal. London has taken him to its arms these past few months, and he will soon bring his superb fun-making as a member of the desperately shabby-genteel to the gilded lists of the new Music Box Revue

her book.) It was—two thousand copies—that was the big mistake! . . .

KATE: . . . Is that what you came back for, to discourage and insult me?

DUKE: I'm telling you the truth because I love you, Kate, and I'm going to marry you! . . .

KATE: . . . You know my life in this house has become impossible . . . father is even threatening to sell this house, to humiliate us all! I suppose you think I must call to you for protection, at your terms!

DUKE: Now you're talking wildly, Kate. . . . I'm sorry if you choose to misunderstand me. . . . Good night, Kate. I will see you tomorrow. (*Exits.*)

Ruth enters, followed by Kempy, who stands diffident and abashed.

RUTH: . . . He has something to tell you, Kate. It's awfully romantic. (*Exits.*)

KATE: What do you want with me?

KEMPY: (*Diffident and bold alternately.*) . . . You see I read "Angie's Temptation"—and I am an architect—and I swore once to find the girl that wrote that book and——

KATE: . . . Don't stammer—and what?

KEMPY: (*Angrily.*) And marry her—that's what!

KATE: (*Wonderingly.*) And—marry her?

KEMPY: Well, you needn't make fun of me. . . . I'm determined and I live my own life and I rule my own fate—and—I DON'T STAMMER!

KATE: You—want to marry me?

KEMPY: (*Swallowing.*) Y-yes.

KATE: . . . Would you marry me NOW—today—right away—within the hour, or half hour?

KEMPY: Why—well—I——

KATE: Don't stammer! Would you?

KEMPY: I'm not stammering—yes!

KATE: (*Seizing coat.*) How quickly can you take me to Williston, across the river?

KEMPY: Well, I've got my Ford outside—the boss's Ford—but——

KATE: But what? Are you afraid?

KEMPY: Yes, NO!

KATE: Then don't stand there staring at me—COME ON!

KEMPY: Gee whiz! (*Follows her in daze.*)

ACT II. That evening.

DAD: It's after nine o'clock—wonder where the devil Kate went? . . .

MA: Maybe Kate's run away and got married!

DAD: Who to?

JANE: Why to Duke—who would you imagine? . . .

(*The telephone rings. Jane answers it.*)

JANE: . . . Kate's coming home—she's married! . . . Wanted me to tell you she was bringing her husband home . . . and she hoped father would remember she was a married woman now and was to be treated as such . . . and . . . she wanted her husband treated with respect too. . . .

DAD: Why, what is she talking about? We all like Duke, have liked him since he was a boy . . .

Jane runs home to get some fancy pillow cases, etc., for the guest room and Ma hurries to the kitchen to prepare some supper. Bell rings and Kate enters alone, calling "Come Kemp." He enters, smiling expectantly.

DAD: What the devil are *you* doing here?

KATE: Father, don't speak that way. *This is my husband.*

Dad is stunned and sinks to sofa, calling for Ma.

KATE: . . . Father, listen. . . . This young man believes in me, that's more than anyone else ever did; he's young and he is ambitious and he worships me. . . . Now, I'm free. I

White

ACT III.

KEMPY: Will you keep my wrench for me?
RUTH: Oh, thank you!
KEMPY: You're welcome.

have a name of my own, I have a husband. . . . We will make our own future somehow. . . .

DAD: Where, what—what became of—where's Duke? . . .

KEMPY: Who's Duke?

KATE: Duke's a man that wanted to marry me and I refused him. . . .

DAD: . . . Now listen—I've put up with your darned idiotic foolishness long enough. Now you go upstairs to bed—I want to talk to this plumber. . . . Do you think you can support her or do you expect me to support the both of you and perhaps more? . . .

KEMPY: . . . I hadn't figured on any MORE—. . . it all happened so sudden! . . . *I* can take care of my wife. Come, Kate.

KATE: Where?

KEMPY: Why—to the Central House, I guess. I—know the clerk. . . . I stop there—and I'm paid up.

DAD: I want to talk to this fellow—now you go. (*Kate exits.*)

DAD: . . . Why did you marry my daughter?

KEMPY: (*With cool, sweet frankness.*) Because I wanted her ever since I read her book. . . . I've always thought that a man can get what he wants if he tries, and it says so in Miss—in—what's her name—in my wife's—in Kate's book. . . .

DAD: You get everything you want, eh?

KEMPY: (*Modestly.*) About everything.

DAD: Did you ever want to get MONEY? . . .

KEMPY: Why, Kate said YOU had a hundred thousand dollars——

DAD: Oh, that's it! You thought you'd get THAT!

KEMPY: No, . . . but I thought from the way you asked me . . . that you wanted to borrow some. . . . I'd loan it to you if I had it, on account of Kate.

DAD: . . . I'm going to break this fool marriage and until its broken you will keep out of this house.

KEMPY: . . . I don't expect to stay in this house, and I haven't my things here anyhow. . . . I'd like to talk to Kate's mother—to tell her I've been honorable.

DAD: *I'll* have enough to tell her. . . . You always get what you want! Well, go and get a start in life and you can start now. (*Opens door.*)

KEMPY: All right . . . but I'll be back for my wife in the morning. (*Exits.*)

Kate, Ruth and Ma enter. Dad goes to his room.

MA: . . . This is terrible—you married like this and your husband turned out of the house! If he stays at the Central House tonight it will be all over town! . . .

Ruth runs out and returns with Kempy, who had just been standing outside. Ma goes in to try to pacify Dad. Kate tells Kempy that they will go to Atlantic City in the morning and that he must give up plumbing and become part of her life, her career.

KEMPY: Maybe they won't want a husband around.

KATE: Oh, you think so, do you? Well I'll show you and anybody else that thinks so that you're wrong, all of you.

She telephones Western Union a message for Oscar Sherman at Atlantic City to the effect that she will arrive next day accompanied by her husband. Kempy objects to having his wife on the stage, they quarrel, and Kate runs upstairs to her room.

RUTH: . . . Mr. James, you mustn't get angry and go away tonight. . . . You sleep here on the dog's bed. I have him in my room now, but this is his regular bed. . . .

KEMPY: It would be lonesome and strange.

RUTH: I'll bring the dog, if you'd rather.

KEMPY: I believe I would, if it's all right with the dog.

RUTH: Oh, he likes everyone I like. I'm sure Daddy would like you too if it wasn't for Duke. . . . He's worth a million. . . .

KEMPY: . . . I've only got a dollar and a half.

RUTH: (*Admiringly.*) But you always get what you want.

KEMPY: I'm beginning to wonder if that's a good thing. Say, if they thought she married Duke, how will it prevent scandal for me to sleep with the dog?

RUTH: They'll find out in the morning that it was you she married . . . and that father drove you out.

Kempy goes to the Central House for his things. Meanwhile Duke and Ben enter, slightly intoxicated. Duke wants to make up with Kate, and thinking the family are all over at Ben's house he tells him to go over and ask Kate to come and talk to him. Jane enters with the linen she had gone to fetch.

JANE: My, but it was a shock when we heard you and Kate had got married so suddenly! . . .

(*Continued on page* 260)

Portrait by Nikolas Muray

MARTHA LORBER

Whose beauty—almost Grecian in Its Chastity of Line—does something more than merely adorn the Ziegfeld Follies in Which She Heads the notable Ballet "The Frolicking Gods"

Adrift in the Roaring Forties

Being a Monthly Page Out of the Notebook

Of BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

IN the conversations with M. Gsell with Anatole France the great French satirist is made to say that he has found all actors brainless. But why drag in actors, Anatole? Why should an actor have more brains than a popular writer, a president—of any republic—a lawyer, a painter or a magazine editor?

Why do people expect actors to have brains when theirs is the only creative art in the world in which brains is not required? It is a purely imitative art. The actor is always conceiving his life in the terms of a rôle created by another. He succeeds in the degree that he puts an extinguisher on his own personality. He is a mime—not a thinker. Do we ask a Caruso to have brains—and he had—a Melba, a Jeritza, a Houdini, an Ed Wynn?

Then, again, what is "brains"? Everybody has brains—but intelligence, that is another thing. There are very few intelligent people in the world.

For instance, Henry Ford has brains; Anatole France has intelligence. Bryan is brainy; Governor Edwards of New Jersey is intelligent. Germany is brainy; France is intellectual. Brains is a commodity; it can be cultivated. Intellect is something one is or is not born with.

There are, of course, few intellectual actors or actresses. But as for brains, wit and mental smartness the actors and actresses I have met will compare with any other profession in the world, starting from the lowest, that of a Congressman. For your absolute dumbbells you will find them among doctors and lawyers and a certain class of college business men.

Enfin, there is too much brains in the world, and not enough intelligence.

I AM writing this in Atlantic City in the latter part of July. It will appear, I believe, in the October number of *Theatre Magazine.* So I feel like a man sitting right in front of the Broadway season. In looking over the papers I see this producer has returned from Europe with this, and that producer with that, and so-and-so is working on an adaptation of something or other from the German. Of something original by an American—not a whisper, except from John Golden. Eugene O'Neill is going to do something, or has done something (by the way, what has become of his "The Fountain"?).

Europe raids our treasury; we raid its stage. Let us cancel all their debts and call it even. The only thing, apparently, we have to give them is money and movies. They have given us everything in the intellectual world worth while. Can we ever pay *our* debt of culture to them? No. And they can't pay us the money they owe us. Then why not call it an even break?

THE American Drama League also voted on the five best American plays. In the lists that Mr. Eaton published in "The Tribune" I nowhere saw "The Tavern" or "The Bad Man." These two satires are among the best ever written. "The Bad Man" would go over one hundred per cent in Paris—and maybe "The Tavern" would also.

I believe that "The Bad Man" is the greatest satire ever put on the American stage by an American. It is Shavian in its irony. "The Tavern" is less perfect, but as a piece of fantastic satire it stands alone in Amercian literature.

That the committee could vote for "The First Year" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" (both fine comedies) and disregard "The Tavern" and "The Bad Man" is to me—well, there's simply no accounting for lack of taste.

WHEN M. Gemier, director of the Odéon Theatre, in Paris, asked the Drama League of America what was the best American play, the committee (George Jean Nathan, the "Huck" Finn of critics, was not on this committee) handed him back "Anna Christie," which M. Gemier will produce at his theatre.

In the vote on the best five plays, O'Neill was always in the running. Ten years ago O'Neill would not have had a chance in such a contest. Which proves we are moving. O'Neill is to our drama what Ibsen was to the Norwegian drama and Strindberg to the Swedish drama. He is a great dramatic genius if ever there was one.

Personally, had I been on the committee I would have voted for "The Hairy Ape." Judged by the usual standards "Anna Christie" is a more perfect play. But my standards are only my likes and dislikes. My "critical faculty" is merely the cold mirror of my prejudices. If I were sitting in the Odéon at a performance of "The Hairy Ape," I should rise out of my seat after the last curtain and shout, "An American did that! Sing 'The Star Spangled Banner' all of you!" And when I tell you that today I am not especially proud of being an American and don't want to hear the national air again until we regain our liberties you will understand what I feel about "The Hairy Ape."

LYN HARDING has come forth as the champion of King Henry VIII, generally regarded as the Landru of English sovereigns. Lyn tells us that King Hal was a great statesman, a theologian and a family man.

I personally made a study of the life of

King Henry VIII when I was working on the titling and editing of the great German picture, "Deception." I was surprised to find what a Forward-Looker and Right-Thinker old Bluff King Hal was. Lyn doesn't do him justice.

Henry did all in his power to save Anne Boleyn from the scaffold. He refused to eat or drink for many days after that incident.

Henry was in bed every night at nine o'clock and up at dawn. He always spent an hour before breakfast watering the geraniums in the castle window.

He resurrected the ancient game of dominoes, and ordered it substituted at court for all games of chance.

His afternoons were spent in readings from Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, Confucius and other ancient wise men.

He personally taught his daughter, Elizabeth (afterward the celebrated Queen of that name), the art of tatting.

He was the first ruler known to history who opposed war as unchristian.

He was the first monarch in all history to inveigh against bobbed hair at court.

He imitated Julius Caesar by drinking nothing stronger than barley water.

If Lyn Harding will call on me I can give him other points on his new biography of England's virgin king.

WHEN will Casanova get on the stage? I have been lately reading a new life of this most fascinating and impenitent of all rascals. In his memoirs there is enough material for a Casanova cycle—say, of about five dramas, depicting the famous Italian at various times in his life.

He was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived—and he is immortal because he made vital and real our suppressed instincts. The great adventurer-romantic is always an immoralist. He does the thing we all fear to do. Casanova made life submit to him. The whole world moves through his pages. He made the legend of Don Juan a fact. He was Gil Blas, D'Artagnan, Machiavelli, Monte Cristo and "Huck" Finn rolled into one person. Here are meat and money for some playwright, producer and actor.

And what a "movie" his life would make!

G. Maillard Kesslere

THE KEENE TWINS

Here are Elizabeth and Margaret (reading left and right we're told but no guaranty goes with this!)—those wholly entrancing replicas of each other—who are graduates of the Ziegfeld Follies *magna cum laude* and are at present engaged in shaking four clever feet in "Daffy-dill"

Alfred Cheney Johnston

EMMA HAIG

This lithe straight young person had the misfortune to tumble from her place on the stage of the Music Box and break her back by falling on a piccolo player. Happily she improves daily and will resume her post as *première danseuse* before many months are over

A TRIO OF TERPSICHOREANS

A Group of Talented Young Dancers who Help Make the White Way Gay

Why I Am Wonderful

Pauline Pure—Princess of the Picture Palaces—Makes a Complete Disclosure of the Secrets of Her Greatness

By BLAND JOHANESON

IT is spring in Oil City, Pa. But the birds are mute, the breezes hushed, as out of the awed and anxious midnight flashes one radiant star, a symbol, fraught with prophecy. In the little cottage down by the railroad, Life's wondrous miracle is taking place: a motion picture actress is coming into the world.

"Pretty Polly," the simple townsfolk were to call her, and "Pures' little Angel." Indeed it was no other, our own Pauline Pure. How well her name describes her.

Protected from the disillusioning buffets of the theatre, in small schools and a sheltered home, the star perfected her art, studying life among the plain and the good, backbone of the nation over which she now reigns.

No, success did not come suddenly to this lovely young woman. Step by step, falteringly but with courage, she trod the weary road to fame, straining all her soul and heart toward the attainment of the place she now holds as supreme delineator of the sweet, maidenly characters which have made motion pictures an inspiration to countless thousands all over the country. And Pauline Pure is only twenty and still a child at heart.

Even in her infancy, the baby genius was vaguely conscious of the art-urge impelling her toward her destiny. Sitting on the stoop waiting for her curls to dry and dreaming in the sunshine, now she was a fairy, now an angel, now a roguish elf. As the motley throng of spirit friends flitted through her brain, Polly would attempt to portray each fantastic little character. "Making faces," the hooligans of the block called it. How little did they reck. It is ever genius' sorry lot to be misunderstood.

OWES ALL TO MOTHER

AND Pauline Pure is a genius. The price she has had to pay has not been too great. She said so herself in the cozy tasteful little apartment where she received us one day last week and with her own dainty hands served us with tea and *petits fours*.

The rosy glow from a pink piano lamp transforming her tawny hair into a veritable halo, her black robe etching her supple form upon the white bear rug on which she was reclining, the star was indeed a vision, shy, naive, wistful, bewitching.

"How do you do it!" we gasped.

"I owe it all to mother." Miss Pure flashed her captivating smile. "Indeed, were it not for mother I would never be what I am today, a star at twenty. Through the many long years of study and preparation, never once did mother let me waver from my high resolve to be a really good motion picture actress. Sometimes when the road seemed too hard and success too uncertain I would hesitate and wish to take an easier course. But mother ever would steer me toward our goal. 'No, Pauline,' she would say, 'the stage is not for you. Broadway fame is not enough. Your art must reach a larger gallery. You must bring beauty into the lives of the masses. Yours is not merely a career, but a philanthropy.' "

"How happy she must be to see her dreams realized," we commented as the star paused to drop four lumps of sugar into her fragile tea-cup.

"Happy? Yes." She paused reflectively. "And I am fortunate. I do not regret the money I could have made in vaudeville. Then I'd have been only a performer. Now I am an artist. And soon my full ambition will be realized. For I am writing and directing my next picture all by myself."

CUCUMBERS RESPONSIBLE FOR BEAUTY

"YOU must be more than busy," we observed in awe. But the little lady of the screen is undaunted by the mass of work before her.

"My writing is only a side-line," she explained. "When an inspiration comes I just jot it down. And I expect soon to publish my collection of epigrams.

"My actual work begins at nine-thirty—" Here the star paused reflectively, and a mist settled upon her soulful violet orbs. "I wish you would say something about the quiet life I lead in Hollywood," she said wistfully. "These reports one hears about our little colony are simply terrible. All of we artists are in bed by nine-thirty every night."

Smiling sadly, she continued, "Dissipation would soon play havoc with my beauty. Sleep and rest are my surest beauty preservatives."

The star's complexion is even more dazzlingly lovely than it screens, if there can be comparative degrees of perfection.

"What is your secret of beauty?" we asked.

"Cucumbers," she answered. "Any woman can aspire to a skin as translucent, clear and unwrinkled as mine if she eats plenty of cucumbers. I have a large cucumber and a glass of milk each night before retiring.

"To retain my lovely figure, I am taking up dancing. I have a lesson every morning. There is nothing so beneficial as starting the day with a split. I dance a greeting to the sun or a welcome to the showers and I find the little aesthetic thought makes the dance of spiritual as well as physical value."

Our admiration for this serious young woman was increasing with each new revelation. We confessed as much to her and she smiled sympathetically. "Dearie," she said in that friendly little way she has, "Art is a hard master, and success requires hard work. Dancing lessons aren't all I take. I am studying voice production as well, and as soon as I feel that I can spare the time from my career, I am going to Paris to let Jean DeReszke hear me sing.

"That means that I must have my French and Italian lessons, and as I intend to specialize in Russian music, I soon will master that language also.

"Then, too, I put in a lot of time designing my wardrobe."

Miss Pure's exotic costumes long have been the despair of the Paris couturieres, and she acknowledged having created them all herself.

"To be beautiful, I must make a study of my own beauty, trying with harmonious colors and sympathetic lines to accentuate it," the star declared. "Of course, this demands care and patience. But any really smart woman expects to devote some part of her time to the consideration of her gowning and the cultivation of a refined taste. Why, only recently I spent almost an entire day going from one jeweler's to another trying to find just the perfect pair of earrings to set off my tennis suit."

KEEN ON THE AESTHETIC

THE star's rigid adherence to the laws of harmony does not stop here. When we commented upon the rich heliotrope with which the air of the apartment was redolent, Miss Pure confessed, "I detest the vulgarity of the combination of scents, so I always have used nothing but heliotrope. My soap, sachet, extract, powder, all are identically perfumed. I have been told that heliotrope suggests the color of my eyes. And to further carry out that idea, I have had my car upholstered in the hue of this same flower."

Indeed, not only her eyes, but all the intoxicating sweetness of this star's personality is suggested by this rich bloom. She is a heliotrope.

Every man, woman and child in the motion picture colony testifies to Pauline Pure's unselfish interest in her art. She is glad to give a helping hand to any talented young aspirant who approaches her. Often she relinquishes the biggest scenes in her pictures to an actress who has shown unusual ability. The camera-men, the carpenters, all the workmen about her studio adore her. She has a kind word and a loving smile for each one. Indeed, she even remembers the names of their wives and the birthdays of their children.

"And what," we asked, preparing to leave, "do you do with the little leisure you allow yourself? What recreation do you enjoy? How do you relax at the close of the strenuous day you devote to your art?"

And flashing her enthralling smile, this ambitious young woman answered: "In my spare time I read Bernard Shaw. I love his sense of humor."

May Vokes

An Interesting Chat with the Theatre's Most Famous Maid-of-all-Work

By CAROL BIRD

"WOULD that I were beautiful!" she said, and her head, with its crown of tiny curl papers shook dolefully, as she stared into the dressing room mirror before her and beheld the "Lizzie" who, during the two year run of "The Bat" on Broadway, as well as for many years before, has brought laughter to Broadway with her silly, grimacing face and foolish-servant-girl ways.

"Would that I were beautiful!" she repeated, "but the kind fairies decided otherwise, and I suppose it's something to my credit that I decided not to overcome their decision but accept it fully and wholeheartedly. I have made a stock in trade of my looks, and I have come in time to believe that one can have almost as much fun homely as beautiful, if one will only reconcile oneself to the necessity for doing so."

May Vokes chuckled and started to untie the black bow that dangled from the back of her straight brown hair.

"Do you know, shortly after I started playing these silly-girl rôles, I racked my brain trying to determine just exactly what it was my audiences found so funny in me. I decided that it was a psychological phenomenon. People believed that I was attractive in real life—an intellectual, perhaps—and their risibilities were tickled by the thought of this sharp contrast: a beautiful, cultured, intellectual actress, portraying homely, silly servant girls. That was it! I became certain that I was right. I certainly hate to think of exploding their self-deception by busting right out into print with the black truth!"

FROM CONVENT TO STAGE

AGAIN she chuckled. The thought of the exposé amused her. Many things amuse this comedienne. She has a sense of humor, a buoyant spirit and she is in love with life. You tell her that you believe her natural gaiety and effervescence are responsible for her success in comedy.

"Perhaps being happy all the time does help me on the stage," she agrees. "I manufacture most of my stage business according to my moods, and I certainly do feel light-hearted most of the time. When I hop nimbly around the stage, and snicker and giggle, and shriek, I actually feel like doing all those things. It may be very juvenile and school-girlish, I will admit, but when a person feels blithe and jolly, you've just got to let go a bit or, well—bust."

You interrupt to ask Miss Vokes to go back to the first rôle of the Lizzie and Tillie type she ever delineated—for all her rôles are cut off the same bolt. She crinkles up her nose, and confesses that she doesn't like to go back across the years.

"It's too long a time," she admits. "Let me start with some of the last rôles I've played. No? Well, my rôle in 'My Friend From India,' was the first of its kind. I won't say just when that play was produced. In going back to the beginning, I might as well tell you that my convent life was indirectly responsible for me being launched into the profession, and comedy work, in particular. Don't look so skeptical! I know that an overwhelmingly large number of actresses and chorus girls seem to emerge from convents, but I assure you that I really attended one. In those days the nuns looked with horror on the theatrical profession as a career for any girl. However, a number of the girls at the convent were permitted to give an amateur performance—I believe it was a benefit for some worthy cause. I was only a spectator at rehearsals, but the coach suddenly looked up at me, and then ordered me to interpolate a little run or jig in back of one of the leading characters in the cast. I didn't try especially to be funny, but I must have acted funny just the same. They laughed at me, and the coach kept me in the sketch.

"Sometime after that when a number of the girls had left the convent we attended a new dramatic school in Chicago. While there we learned that one of our convent chums was playing with a stock company. She still remembered my little dance, or run, or jig, or whatever it could be called, in the convent play, told her manager about it, and he sent for me. I was soon launched as a comedienne. I have been Tillies, and Julias, and Lizzies, and Minnies ever since—the same nonsensical, frittering, foolish servant girls. Sometimes my rôle starts out to be slim and inconsequential. I build it up a bit on my own initiative, and then, little by little it is padded and made more important than perhaps even the author originally intended it to be. In the beginning every one helped me a bit. It was like building a house. Some one in the profession would offer a suggestion as to a new line, a new piece of business, an original gesture, and even friends outside the profession helped. But I guess I alone am responsible for the voice, and its tricks. Perhaps it's just as well that I don't blame that on some one else. Sometimes when I find myself listening to my own voice in some of its querulous whining moments on the stage, I wonder why people cannot help but laugh at the sound of it. But I won't use it differently, for, it's gone over in all the past years, so why meddle with something that's proved effective?

White

"Would that I were beautiful!"

"No, I don't mind always being cast as a willy-nilly, silly little nobody, in unattractive make-up, as long as I prove amusing. I admit that a mirthful audience sends me into an ecstacy of pleasure. I love to make people laugh; I'm happy to realize that I'm drawing people out of themselves for a while—making them forget the things they want to forget, even if only momentarily. But I'll admit that sometimes I wish that I could have a rôle not all comedy, but just shaded with a bit of pathos. I wish that I could feel that back of the laughs that I provoke there are tears. I wish that some day I might have a part which would make people laugh, perhaps, but quickly follow up their laughs with a sympathetic remark, such as: 'Poor little Devil! She has a pretty hard time of it.'"

After Miss Vokes admits that she was the one who launched the once popular song, "I'm Afraid to Go Home In The Dark," and reminisces a little about her various rôles in "The Quaker Girl," "A Pair of Sixes," "Good Gracious, Annabelle," "A Knight for a Day," "A Fool and His Money," "When Dreams Come True," and "Checkers," she refuses to further discuss her "Pig-Tail-Tillie" rôles as she calls them.

"I want to talk about my new home," she pleads and then launches into a discussion of the charming apartment which she has made her hobby.

"And why not?" she asks, "Where else can an actress find surcease from excitement?"

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

HERE'S an odd one that came to my attention for the first time the other day. On the program of all the JOHN GOLDEN-WINCHELL SMITH attractions the name George Spelvin is invariably listed. But there's no such person. It's merely an imaginary name always used for good luck!

Bang! went VALESKA SURRAT out of the cast of "Spice of 1922." I happened to be behind the scenes at the time the rumpus occurred. The squabble took place between Miss Surrat and the unfortunate publicity man for the show, who had not billed Miss Surrat to her liking. So are things in the world theatrical! The size of the type in which an actress's name appears can apparently determine her enthusiasm for a part.

THE BELLIGERENT DALY

AND talking of scraps, the one over which ARNOLD DALY left his latest manager, Joseph M. Gaites, was about something even more trivial. I seem to be in on those things these days. The thing started during a rehearsal of "The Monster" when Director LAWRENCE MARSTON suggested some trivial change in the business for one of the characters. Daly, who was in something of a huff due to a quarrel he had just emerged from with the stage-door man, said to Marston: "See here, I want this play played as I read the manuscript. I will not have any changes.. The manuscript that I read is what I am going to play. Not another play." Marston insisted, however, as any director would, on his direction being carried out, and the character under instruction (FRANK McCORMACK, by-the-bye), did as he was told. Immediately after rehearsal Daly telephoned Manager Gaites and demanded Marston's discharge and a written apology from McCormack for what he had deemed the latter's insolence under the circumstances. Mr. Gaites flatly refused, Daly banged down the receiver, and that chapter in the annals of the American Theatre was closed!

LAURETTE TAYLOR is now filming "Peg O' My Heart."

Producers as a rule are afraid to send their productions to the Coast; yet JANE COWL, ETHEL BARRYMORE, and both the Chicago and San Carlo Opera Companies did a marvelous business last year. The West will respond generously if given the original company, as has been proved.

It is rumored that SAMUEL SHIPMAN is writing a play around MRS. HENRY B. HARRIS. With such a delightful and interesting character who couldn't write a successful play. But who will play Mrs. Harris?

THIRTY-SIX CHANGES IN CAST

TANGERINE" went merrily on for twelve months at the Casino Theatre with JULIA SANDERSON always as its brightest star, but very few people know that there were about thirty-six changes in the cast during its New York run.

JOSEPHINE VICTOR took a plunge into vaudeville last year, playing all the principal cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. She was supposed to lay off the week before Christmas, but at the last moment was hastened to Omaha from Minneapolis. The management of the Omaha Theatre had not had time to have special announcements made up, with the result that there was a large sign in front of the theatre with only half of the previous week's advertising painted out, the lower half remaining the same. When Miss Victor arrived at the theatre this was what greeted her:

JOSEPHINE VICTOR
Hine's Trained Donkey

BINGHAM STRONG ON RADIO CIRCUIT

AMELIA BINGHAM is strongly enthroned in the hearts of the American people. Just recently she talked through the Westinghouse Electric radio, and received more letters in response than any other public luminary that has talked thus far.

WILLIAM H. CRANE and his wife are living at the Hollywood Hotel in Los Angeles. One day his telephone rang and the casting director of a certain moving picture studio spoke to the famous star: "I hear you are a pretty good character actor. We have four character bits in the picture we're just shooting, why don't you come over and try one of them?" Mr. Crane's answer is not reported!

Despite numerous offers the stage will lose MARY HAY, otherwise known as Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, until the spring. Miss Hay has just recovered from a serious illness that has necessitated this long vacation.

WILLETTE KERSHAW, PEGGY O'NEIL, EDITH DAY, and DOROTHY DICKSON are four American girls who have scored decisive hits in London.

PEACE SIGNED

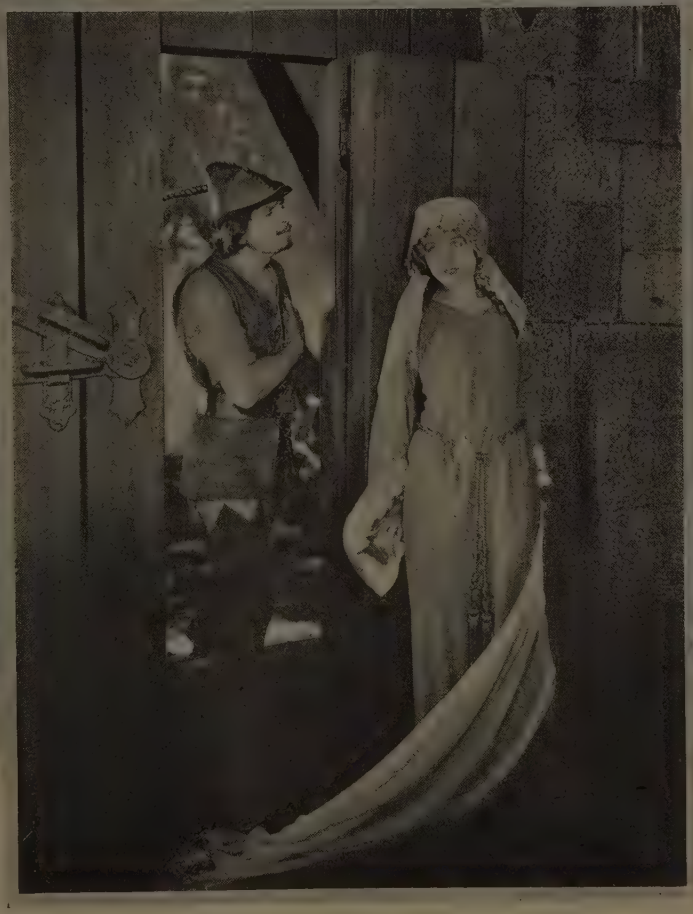
THE booking facilities will be much better this year, for the MESSRS. SHUBERT and MR. ERLANGER have agreed not to strangle each other's attractions with strong opposition in cities with only two first class theatres, in other words, not to book the Follies and a Winter Garden attraction in the same city the same week, but attractions of as much contrast as possible.

When POLA NEGRI comes to this country this year to start work for the Famous Players, she will have GEORGE FITZMAURICE as her director.

HELEN REIMER, who gives such a delightful performance as Tillie in "Partners Again," is the only actress that ever had a contract on a solid gold plate. Miss Reimer was a member of the Keith Stock in Providence for twenty-two years, and after her twentieth year was given a life long contract in gold.

It is not generally known that LOUIS WOLHEIM, who gave such a remarkably natural performance of "The Hairy Ape" is a noted linguist. Mr. Wolheim has adapted several foreign plays for American production.

One of the striking castle interiors in the coming Fairbanks production of "Robin Hood"



Enid Bennett as Maid Marian and Douglas Fairbanks in the title rôle of "Robin Hood"

Frank Diem

Carol Dempster as the heroine of a new D. W. Griffith offering—"One Exciting Night"

Frank Diem

Henry Hull—once again the harassed hero of a melodrama —in "One Exciting Night"

TWO IMPORTANT NEW PICTURES

Griffith and Fairbanks Contribute Further Classics to the List of New Films

MARION DAVIES has started filming Guy Bolton's "Adam and Eva." T. ROY BARNES will appear in the other title rôle, and others in the cast are: LUELLA GEER, WILLIAM NORRIS, EDWARD DOUGLAS, EDITH SHAYNE, and AMY SUMMERS.

"The Bat" one of the greatest hits New York has ever known, ran well into its third year on Broadway and closed with the original scenery intact. Wagenhals and Kemper, the producers of the play, were superstitious about getting a new production.

Strange to say there are no really new theatres opening this year. But what a marvelous transformation there is in the Gaiety and Fulton Theatres. They are really like new—especially the Fulton, EDWARD ROYCE'S masterful hand being in evidence, both in front and behind the footlights.

THE PUBLICITY RECORD HOLDERS

WHAT will DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and MARY PICKFORD get publicity on next? First it was their own marriage, then the marriage of brother JACK and MARILYN MILLER, and now one of the most marvelous pictures yet screened—"Robin Hood."

ROBERT AMES won the Actor's Golf Tournament at Westbury, defeating Otto Kruger and Frank Crummit. Oscar Shaw acted as Judge.

SIDNEY BLACKMER is one young actor for whom everyone predicts a marvelous future. And why not? Here is one artist who works every spare moment. He's been abroad, studying art. MARY ELLIS is another youngster who deserves credit. Immediately upon signing to play Nerissa in Mr. Belasco's production of "The Merchant of Venice," she hastened away to learn some of the fundamentals of the art of acting in Stuart Walker's stock company before going under the guiding hand of the dean of the profession.

It is rather interesting to note the changes in the names of the various theatres in New York. For instance, the Garrick used to be Harrigan's; the Park, Majestic; Sam Harris, Candler, as well as the Cohan and Harris; Republic, Belasco; Belasco, Stuyvesant; 48th St., William Collier's; Frazee, Lew Field's, Hackett, and the Harris Theatre; Belmont, Norworth; 39th St., Nazimova's; Nora Bayes, 44th St. Roof.

LINA ABARBANELL, known for her work here in "Madame Sherry," "Flora Bella," "The Merry Window," and "The Grand Duke," is playing Gilda Veresi's "Enter Madame" in Berlin.

MRS. HENRY B. HARRIS now has a competitor. For years she has been the only successful woman manager, but now ANN NICHOLS has entered the field. Mrs. Harris not only manages plays but two theatres—while Miss Nichols not only manages plays but writes them.

PEGGY WOOD BACK

PEGGY WOOD has just returned from France where she has been receiving vocal treatments under the supervision of MME. EMMA CALVE.

Last year brought back to us one great actress and personality—MRS. LESLIE CARTER—this year we are to have three: ELEANORA DUSE, who will open her season at the Auditorium in Chicago; MARIE TEMPEST in "The Serpent's Tooth" by Arthur Richman at the Little Theatre, and the third, only a report, another "Farewell Tour" of BERNHARDT.

The more stars the production gathered to itself the bigger the theatre offered was the experience of the "Spice of 1922" organization. ARMAN KALIZ conceived the idea. With VALESKA SURRAT, MOLLIE KING, HAL SKELLY, FRANK FAY, and CHARLES PURCELL as possibilities of a cast, the Punch and Judy Theatre was the proposed playhouse; with the addition of BESSIE McCOY DAVIS, the Earl Carrol Theatre was the one; with the addition of ADELE ROWLAND and JAMES HUSSEY the Astor Theatre was sought; and finally with the addition of about sixty players the Winter Garden was achieved.

"From Morn to Midnight" is the only Theatre Guild production originally put on only for "Special" matinees, which proved popular enough to occupy a theatre for regular performances.

GEORGE M. COHAN wrote the book, lyrics and music for "Pretty Nelly Kelly."

Vaudeville patrons will be surfeited with headliners this year. For the Keith and Shubert variety houses, in nearly every big city, there is an overabundance of talent. The principal Shubert headliners are: GERTRUDE HOFFMAN, LEW FIELDS and JOE WEBER, BLANCHE RING and CHARLES WINNINGER, VERA MICHELENA, JIMMY HUSSEY, JOHNNY DOOLEY, WATSON SISTERS, and BESSIE McCOY DAVIS. The principal Keith headliners include: FRITZI SCHEFF, LIONEL ATWILL, FANNY BRICE, LOU TELLEGEN, IRENE FRANKLIN, RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, and VAN & SCHENK.

What must it feel like to be a movie idol? Los Angeles women won't leave RODOLPH VALENTINO alone. It is a common occurrence to see a mob calmly promenading through the main thoroughfares, with the much beloved Rodolpho smothered in its center. And, when he leaves the studio, it is a puzzle to find his car, so completely is it hidden by the mob of admirers.

COMSTOCK AGAIN IN LISTS

Neither ELIZABETH MARBURY nor F. RAY COMSTOCK, the originators of the Princess Theatre musical comedies, has been active in stage production for some time. Recently it was reported that Mr. Comstock would return this year to the managerial ring with a new comedy from the pen of Guy Bolton called "Polly Preferred," and that Miss Marbury would sponsor "The Front Seat," by Rida Johnson Young. Confirmation has already been received from Mr. Comstock, but there is still watchful waiting so far as Miss Marbury is concerned.

With this sudden vogue for colored entertainment, WILLIAM HARRIS JR., should revive "Sazzus Matassus" which first brought Fay Bainter into prominence in the East.

Will MAUDE ADAMS ever return to the footlights? is a question that is constantly being asked. It is not generally known that Booth Tarkington wrote "The Intimate Stranger" for Miss Adams, but even he could not lure her back last season. Meantime she is experimenting in her own specially equipped studio in Schenectady, with a view to cinema reproduction in color. Bearing in mind the gorgeous color and lighting effects produced by Miss Adams in working out her own ideas in "A Kiss for Cinderella," we may well possess our souls in patience—that the cinema world may benefit by her experiments.

POWERS BEHIND THE THRONE

DO these people ever get much credit for helping an author MAKE his play possible, an actor successful, and a producer famous? JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, CLIFFORD BROOK, WILLIAM COLLIER, JOHN CROMWELL, DAVID BURTON, AUGUSTIN DUNCAN, OSCAR EAGLL, SAM FORREST, WILLIAM H. GILMORE, IRA HARDS, BERTRAM HARRISON, J. C. HUFFMAN, FRED LATHAM, LESTER LONERGAN, EDGAR MacGREGOR, GEORGE MARION, LAWRENCE MARSTON, JOHN McKEE, ROBERT MILTON, JULIAN MITCHELL, PRIESTLEY MORRISON, IDEN PAYNE, WILLIAM H. POST, FRANK REICHER, EDWARD ROYCE, CYRIL SCOTT, OTTO KRUGER, HASSARD SHORT, FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD, NED WAYBURN, and WALTER WILSON. They are *the* directors of the American Theatre.

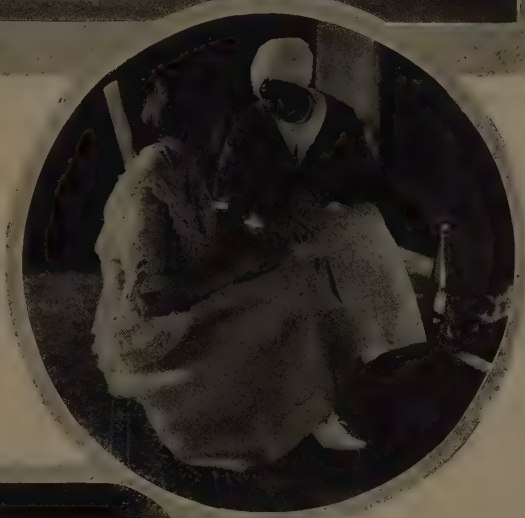
Half of the success of FRED STONE is due to the fact that he is always planning and doing something new. In every new play he has, Mr. Stone does some new specialty, such as acrobatic feats, shooting or lariat throwing. His make-ups are always interesting and legitimately amusing, from the Scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz" to the Indian in "Tip Top." This summer he staged a Society circus which met with great success. In fact everything Mr. Stone has a hand in seems to be successful, his daughter's recent appearance with him, being no exception to the rule.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

"The Old Man of Eden," by Paul Greene, a melodrama of the Carolina Coast (Edenton, N. C.), of Colonial times, with setting by Elizabeth A. Lay of the Carolina Playmakers

THE FOLK PLAYS OF THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS



(Above)

A scene from "The Reaping," by John Terry, with the traditional negro mammy, reminiscent of the "old South," playing an important part. "The Reaping" is a play of social problem with North Carolina of today as its setting. Katherine Batts is shown as Janey, the wife, and Mabel Bacon as Mammy, the Servant

"In Dixon's Kitchen," a romance of country life in North Carolina, by Wilbur Stout in collaboration with Ellen Lay, with Le Grand Everett, Jr., as Hiram Dixon; Ellen Lay, as Ma Dixon, his wife; Annie Lee, their daughter, George Winston and Thornton Gholson, their sons; Lloyd Williams, as Lemuel Isley, a friend. The characters are all well known to the authors, who dedicated the play to the real Annie Lee, and to all others who have been courting in the country, with the perplexing problem of Little Brother to contend with

12673

Folk Playmaking

By FREDERICK H. KOCH

Founder of The Dakota Playmakers and The Carolina Playmakers

THE Carolina Folk-Plays suggest the beginnings of a new native Theatre. They are pioneer plays of North Carolina life. The stories and characters are drawn by the writers from their own tradition, and from their observation of the lives of their own people.

They are wholly native—simple plays of the locality, of common experience and of common interest. North Carolina is rich in legends and in historical incident; she is rich too in the variety and virility of her present-day life. There is in these plays something of the tang of the Carolina soil. There is something of the isolation of her mountains and their sheltering coves; something of the sun and the wind of the farm lands; of the shadowy thickets of Scuffletown Swamp; something, too, of the loneliness of the lives of the fisherfolk on the shifting banks of Nags Head or Cape Lookout.

They were written by sons and daughters of Carolina, at Chapel Hill, the seat of the State University. They have been produced with enthusiasm and success by The Carolina Playmakers in their own town and in many towns all over the State. The Carolina Playmakers is a group of amateurs—*amateurs* in the original and full sense of the word—devoted to the establishment of a theatre of co-operative folk-arts. Not a single cloth has been painted by an outsider. Everything has been designed and made in the home town in a truly communal way.

To be sure they are plays of a single section, of a single state, North Carolina. But they have a wider significance. We know that if we speak for the human nature in our own neighborhood we shall be expressing for all. The locality, if it be truly interpreted, is the only universal. It has been so in all lasting literature. And in every locality all over America, as here in North Carolina today, there is the need and the striving for a fresh expression of our common folk life.

THE BEGINNINGS IN NORTH DAKOTA

THE North Carolina plays represent the cumulation of years of experiment. The beginnings at the University of North Dakota, located at Grand Forks, were simple enough. It is now sixteen years since the writer made the first "barn-storming" tour, in 1906, over the treeless levels of Dakota with a company of university players. The play was Richard Brinsley Sheridan's admirable comedy, "The Rivals," to be followed in succeeding tours with such old favorites as Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Dickens' "Tom Pinch," and Sheridan Knowles' "The Love Chase." In this way the ground was cleared and made ready for a peoples' drama of sound foundations.

A remarkable development of dramatic interest followed, and an enthusiastic fellowship of players was formed. It grew, and became in good time a flourishing society of play-makers—The Dakota Playmakers—pledged to the production of native plays of their prairie country.

Two different types of drama developed naturally—the pageant, a distinctly communal form enlisting actively all the people; and the folk-play, an intimate portrayal of the life and character of the people of the plains.

THE FIRST BANKSIDE THEATRE

IN the Dakota pageantry a new form of creative literary work was evolved—communal authorship. The historical "Pageant of the North-West," in 1914, and the tercentenary masque, "Shakespeare, The Playmaker," in 1916, were designed and written entirely—dialogue, poetry, and music—by a group of these amateur Playmakers in collaboration, eighteen in the first case and twenty in the second. And the published play-books proved that the people themselves, when rightly directed, could create their own dramatic forms, in phrase, "filled with liveliness and humor, and with no little imagination" in a co-operative native drama "never amateurish and sometimes reaching a high literary level."

Such production required a theatre in the open. There was no hill-slope and, by the necessity of the prairie land, a new type of nature theatre was discovered. So the Bankside Theatre came to be "the first open-air theatre to make use of the natural curve of a stream to separate the stage from the amphitheatre"*, and a contribution was made of permanent value in the history of the out-door stage.

In succeeding years of this renaissance—for such, indeed, it proved to be—The Dakota Playmakers carried out over the State their new-found means of dramatic expression, directing the country people in many parts of North Dakota in the writing and staging of pageants and plays of their own local traditions.

At the same time The Playmakers at the university were busy writing for their improvised "Play-Stage" a variety of simple folk-plays portraying scenes of ranch and farm life, adventures of the frontier settlers, incidents of the cowboy trails.

THEN they toured the State with their new-made Prairie Plays using a simple portable stage of their own devising. And the people in the towns visited received them with wonder and enthusiasm. They knew them for their own, and were honestly proud and happy about it. Everybody said, "Come again, and we'll give you a bigger audience next time!" The little folk-play had found its own.

Typical of these prairie plays, perhaps, is "Barley Beards," by Howard DeLong, who was born of French homesteaders in a sod shanty forty miles from the railroad. "Barley Beards" deals with an I. W. W. riot in a North Dakota threshing crew and is based on young DeLong's experiences on a Dakota wheat farm at harvest time. The author himself designed and painted the scenery, and acted a leading part in his play.

Other one-act pieces of this type are: "Back on the Old Farm," by Arthur Cloetingh, suggesting the futility of the "high-brow" education when it goes back to the country home at Long Prairie; "Dakota Dick," by Harold Wylie, a comedy of the Bad Lands of the frontier days; and "Me an' Bill," by Ben Sherman of Judith Basin, Montana, a tragedy of the "loony" sheepherder, well known to the playwright, and his love of the lonely shepherd's life on the great plains.

Such are the country folk-plays of Dakota—simple plays, sometimes crude, but always near to the good, strong, wind-swept soil. They tell of the long bitter winters in the little sod shanty. But they sing, too, of the springtime of unflecked sunshine, of the wilderness gay with wild roses, of the fenceless fields welling over with lark song! They are plays of the travail and the achievement of a pioneer people.

THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

NORTH CAROLINA extends more than five hundred miles from the great Smoky Mountains on the western border to the treacherous shoals of Hatteras. In the backlands of these mountains and among the dunes of the shifting coast line may be found "neighborhoods" where the customs of the first English settlers still prevail, where folk-tales still survive in words and phrase long since obsolete to us, handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another through all the years of their isolation.

And in North Carolina, too, we have the ballads and the lore of an outlived past side by side with the new life of the present day. Here are still the fine old families of the first Cavaliers and the children of the plantation days of the Old South. In contrast with these is the dreary "one-horse" farm of the poor white tenant and the shiftless negro. In greater contrast, perhaps, is the toil of the thousands of workers at the roaring mills.

North Carolina is still without large cities, and a strong folk-consciousness persists. The state is still regarded by the people as a family of "folks", due to the fact that the population is almost pure Anglo Saxon and still remarkably homogenous. For all the changing industrial conditions less than two per cent. of the

(*Continued on page* 270)

* "Dakotan Discoveries in Dual Dramaturgy," by Hiram K. Moderwell, in *The Boston Evening Transcript*, September 30, 1916.

An amusing scene from "Checkmate," Malcolm La Prade's Chess Burlesque which was received with instant approval and enthusiasm by both the Faculty and the student body of Washington Square College. Under the direction of Randolph Somerville, the play was given an inexpensive but effective setting, the use of screens decorated with the chess characters, giving the necessary atmosphere. The Washington Square Players will produce the third of a series of six of La Prade's chess plays—"The Queen's Gambit," in October

Checkmate

A Burlesque in Rhyme

By Malcolm LaPrade

All rights reserved by the Author

First Performance by the Washington Square College Players of the New York University, December 17th, 1921

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

THE WHITE KING THE WHITE QUEEN
THE KING'S PAWN THE RED QUEEN

SCENE, THE CHESS BOARD.

Floor cloth of large black and white squares and a background of black velvet curtains. Costumes of the Elizabethan period, bearing a slight resemblance to chess men. The King is a gentleman of fifty, rather scrawny and somewhat the worse for wear. The White Queen, his wife, is a stout lady of an exceedingly irascible disposition. The Red Queen is a charming lady of thirty, coquettish to a degree and extremely self-assured. A lady with a past as well as a future. The Pawn is a simple lad of twenty, trustful and without guile.

The lines should be spoken in burlesque of the classic style, but with great attention to the rhyme.

AT RISE.

The King, a worried expression on his face, paces agitatedly up and down, glancing now and then at a piece of lavender note paper which he holds in his hand. The Pawn stands near by watching him curiously.

PAWN

What hath befallen, Sire, thou seemest grieved?

KING

Forsooth, small wonder, sir!

PAWN

Hast thou received sad tidings?

KING (*Pausing.*)

Aye, a lady cometh here this afternoon—A lady whom I fear
May by some word unwittingly inflame
The temper of my estimable dame.
Alack, alack! (*He resumes his pacing.*)

PAWN

And is there aught between
Ye twain to rouse suspicion in the Queen?

KING

Indeed, sir, since my consort groweth stout
I scarce may greet a *slender* maid without
Arousing her suspicion!

PAWN (*Shocked.*)

Say not so!
Such base mistrust twixt wedded folk? No, no,
That were to set at naught the marriage vow!

KING

It bindeth not the lean to fat, I trow!
Such strain no bond endureth!

PAWN

Tell me, pray,
Why doth this lady seek, My Liege today?

KING

Ah, woe betide me, Sirrah, I suspect
The heartless creature cometh to collect.

PAWN (*Astonished.*)

Collect?

KING

E'en so.

PAWN

How cam'st thou in her debt?

KING (*Approaches Pawn and speaks confidentially.*)

A momentary weakness, I regret—
But harken to this letter she hath writ
And mark how she doth let me in for it. (*Reads.*)
"Dear Daddy: I have ordered me a cloak,
The Russian Sable one, of which I spoke
Last Tuesday Eve when thou did'st promise me
A little gift in memory of thee.
I find no words to thank thee for this boon!
P.S. I'll bring the bill this afternoon."

(*He crumples up the note and looks helplessly at the Pawn.*)

PAWN

Can'st not contrive to give the jade the slip?

KING

This time methinks she hath me on the hip,
And cometh here prepared to make a scene.
If I refuse to pay she'll tell the Queen.

PAWN

Thou hast the money?

KING

Nay, sir, not a cent!

PAWN

Wilt touch thy wife?

KING

Aye, such is my intent.

PAWN

She'll scarce be sympathetic to a loan
Of any sum, for purposes unknown.
What wilt thou say, My Liege, and how explain?

KING

I shall devise some method to obtain
Her purse, and borrow fifty crowns without
Recourse to explanation.

PAWN

Aye, no doubt
That were the safer way could'st thou evade
Her watchful eye.

KING

I must enlist thine aid.

PAWN (*Bowing.*)

Command me.

KING

Thou shalt mount the stairs unseen,
And enter in the chamber of the Queen
Whilst I detain her here. Her velvet bag
Is in the dresser drawer. Secure the swag

(*Continued on page 275*)

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Of Community Service, Incorporated

O have scenes from Longfellow's "Evangeline," dramatized in Louisiana on the banks of the Teche itself, by descendants of the very Acadians exiled from Nova Scotia who actually found settlement there, "far to the southward," is indeed a striking event in the annals of American pageantry.

It sounds almost too picturesque to be true. Yet it all happened as a matter of fact during the past summer in the Iberia Parish Pageant given by the people of New Iberia, Louisiana, under the auspices of Community Service.

According to historic records, it was here in the beautiful valley of the Teche this "Eden of Louisiana" that a large number of the one time farmers of Grand Pre settled, became planters and herdsmen and their sons, voyageurs, trappers, traders and coureurs des bois. Their children and their children's children dwelt here where, "Beautiful is the land with its prairies and forests of fruit trees."

According to Longfellow's poem, close by the Bayou Teche lived Gabriel's father, Basil the blacksmith, now become Basil the herdsman:

"Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yuletide,
Stood secluded and still, the house of the herdsman."

On the banks of the Teche, in the Parish of Iberia, La., the descendants of the Acadian exiles from Nova Scotia, dramatized scenes from Longfellow's "Evangeline," in a bewitching setting of moss-hung trees

THE EVANGELINE CHARACTERS

ALL of the chief characters in the poem: Basil, Gabriel, Evangeline, Father Felicien, Michael the fiddler and a whole host of the folks of Acadie, men, women and children, played their parts against this haunted, mystic background. The stage was curtained by the Spanish moss. Beyond it shone the waters of the Bayou.

Gabriel Lajeunesse, sick at heart from the long enforced separation from Evangeline, leaves the herdsman's house in the valley of the Teche and all his kith and kin in their new found home: "weary with waiting, unhappy and restless. . . .

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow."

With his hunter and trapper comrades, Gabriel, played by Albert Hill, turns the prow of his light swift boat northward "to the land of the bison and beaver."

Thus, in the pageant the scene is given true. In the twilight Gabriel's boat passes another boat which is hidden behind a screen of palmettos and willows. In this boat Evangeline lies sleeping. So Gabriel passed "to be blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert."

Long after the voyageurs have disappeared around the curve of the bayou the Acadian girl awakes: "O, Father Felicien! Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. Is it a foolish dream?"

Evangeline's part was taken by Rita Blanchet, one of the loveliest girls in all Iberia. Wearing the Norman cap and homespun kirtle, of the period, black velvet bodice, snow white apron and fichu, with her rich hair in two long braids, this young girl with no theatrical training or professional background whatsoever, yet held by her simplicity and sweetness and by the strength and beauty of her interpretation the attention of 10,000 people.

The part of Basil was taken by the Baptist minister, Rev. S. D. Roberts.

Father Joseph, of Iberia, a beloved Catholic pastor of the Teche today, played the part of Father Felicien, Evangeline's guide, "the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore."

How still it was in the pageant when Evangeline and Father Felicien with the wistful group of Grand Pre folk came ashore!

"Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows thru the green Opelousas
And thru the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw a column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle."

A HORSEMAN loomed out of the forest. Who should the horseman be, but Gabriel's father, Basil the blacksmith! Then what a tumult and shouting of delight from all the other Grand Pre neighbors and dear friends who last had seen the figure of Evangeline on the Nova Scotian shore, kneeling beside her dying father as the flames ate up their homes and the savage ships bore them into the unknown! They had never dreamed to see Evangeline again—or their beloved Father Felicien.

Michael the fiddler, "our brave Acadian minstrel" played his gayest tunes. Everyone was enraptured. Then, like a shaft of lightning out of a clear sky—to Evangeline—came the word of Gabriel's departure the day before!

"Gone? Is Gabriel gone?"

. . .

The people who saw it played say they can never forget it. It was no wonder that people in Louisiana wanted it done all over again.

If Iberia could give it every year—just this alone—in more and more perfect form it would indeed mean a great gift to the nation.

BESIDES the pageant of the early Acadian settlement and of Evangeline which followed a vivid picture of the early Indian life of that section, the other episodes of this Fourth of July Community celebration led through various trails of Iberia's history: the arrival of the planters after the Battle of New Orleans, old time dances, manners, customs; the period of the War Between the States.

The following committees had complete charge of preparing and presenting the pageant: H. D. Schubert of Community Service, General Director; Theda B. Murray, Pageant Director; Inez DeBlanc, Director of Dancing; Clet Girard, Chairman of Music; Mary Briganti, Pianist. Indian Episode: Alma Sharp, Chairman; Mrs. Fred Patout, C. M. Bahon, Harold Kahn; French and Spanish Episode: Mrs. Clet Girard, Chairman; Theda B. Murray, Henri Blanchet; Acadian and Evangeline Episode: Carrie Moss Pharr, Chairman; E. J. Carstens, George J. Cousins, Jr., Rita Blanchet; First American Settlers: Pearl Davis, Chairman; Ethel Carver, E. P. Roy, Albert Hill; 1861 Period: Amelia Pharr, Chairman; Francis Simon, Mary Etta Murray; Spirit of Today: Rita M. Soulier, Chairman; Maude Estorge, Carrie Moss Pharr, Hon. Edwin LaSalle.

FASHION

As Interpreted by the Actress

Carlotta Monterey, as interpreter, shows us the new mode of the leather jacket, to be worn with separate skirts and somewhat take the place of the fur jacket. This one is of the softest and most pliable suede in a rich red tone, with a very interesting kimona sleeve and a collar of black astrakhan. The hat that accompanies the jacket is in black and carries on the side one of the big smashing ribbon bows that are so much featured in the fall hats.

An enchanting combination of tones and materials has been worked out in a semi-tricorne model, such as Miss Monterey wears. Brown satin covers the frame, and the edge is bound with a dull gold braid, of which the cockade is also made. Over the brim falls an edging of brown lace that hangs down in two long streamers to the waistline.

Indicative of the latest lines in brims is this suede-covered hat on the new "burned-bread" shade of brown, its swirling coque plumes in a matching tone. Miss Monterey's frock was of black crepe, cross-stitched in white.

We have seldom seen anything more charmingly practical than this cape which Hollander has imported. In three-quarter length, light yet warm, it is of black silk velvet, lined with gold plush. With it Miss Monterey is wearing the most engaging of small hat shapes, a rather vivid French blue felt with a ribbon and a long curling feather in King blue.

MODELS FROM HOLLANDER

Nikolas Muray

KITTY GORDON IN THE LATEST FUR MODELS

Showing how mink, when the skins are as cleverly manipulated and the cut as skilfully effected as in this coat, can have all the sumptuosity of sable. From A. Jaeckel & Co.

PROVES THAT THERE IS

NOTHING WRONG

IN THIS PICTURE

Chinchilla seems just now in higher favor than ermine or sable for de luxe occasions, and from Gunther comes a gorgeous chinchilla evening wrap lined with blue and silver brocade

Short jackets of fur are to be very much the thing, and A. Jaeckel & Co. offer a stunning one in black Persian lamb trimmed with touches of scarlet and lines of small gold nail-heads

(Left) A broadtail coat follows the prevailing fashion for panels, and adds to its slenderness by having two intriguing ones edged with black lynx, to swing free, or to be wrapped around the arms for further warmth. From Gunther

Another of the new short jackets, cut so as to be very snug around the hip line. Gunther offers the model in sealskin with caracul and a slender composition belt of links of black and silver

Ira L. Hill

Tornello Studios

(*Top left*). A return to buckles is one of the distinct features of the new shoes, wherein we are now at one with Paris. A delightful combination has been effected here between an elaborate pair of buckles of cut steel, black suede vamps and heels, and patent leather backs and straps.

(*Lower left*). Quite a different type of shoe, but frightfully smart, is this of patent leather stitched on the sides in bisque and trimmed with a narrow piping of bisque colored leather and crisp little rosettes of the black and bisque. The stockings embroidered in gay colored Czecho-Slovakian designs are an origination of the Gotham Stripe Hosiery Company.

SHOES FROM

C. H. WOLFELT CO.

POSED BY

DELLA VANNA OF THE

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

(*Top right*). Another type of the elaborately buckled shoe in patent leather with an arrangement of straps that gives spring and grace and permits the showing of one's pet stocking through the interstices.

(*Center*). Shoes with an extraordinarily charming shape of vamp, topped and backed with grey suede.

(*Lower right*). For evening are these French marquise slippers with a heel of particularly graceful line, a novel trick to the straps and made up in brocade with mother-of-pearl tones.

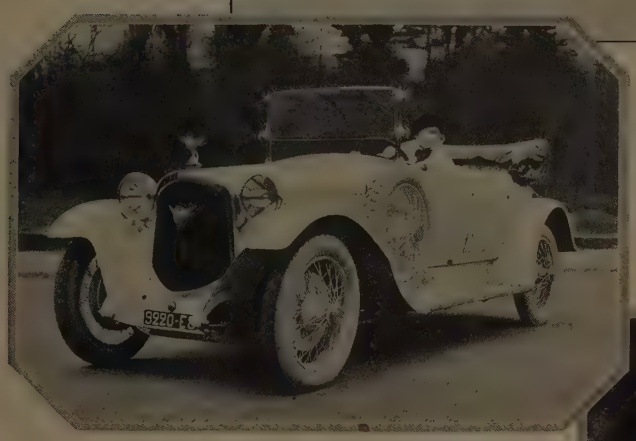
Lucille Chalfont, of the Greenwich Village Follies, seated in the new model Standard Roadster. Several important changes have been made in the Standard 1923 models, chief of which is the installation of an aeroplane lubricating system which means unfailing lubrication and low oil temperature even at high speeds.

(Right) The owner of a new Hudson coach is to be envied especially if like this one he is situated near the shores of picturesque San Francisco bay. The Hudson coach is solidly constructed, easily seats five passengers, and costs less than $300 more than the open car.

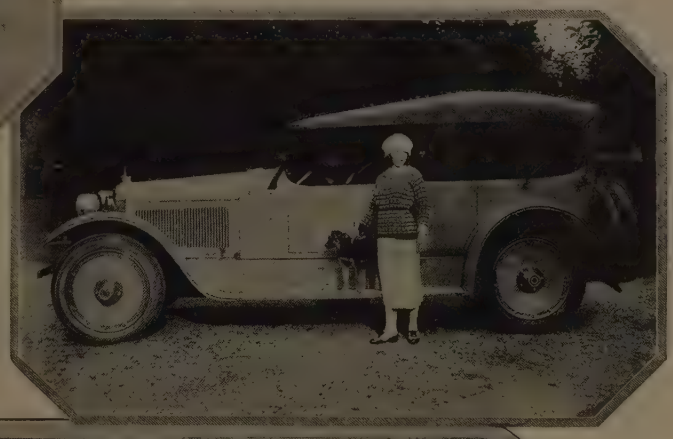
(Below) Barney Bernard alighting from his Cadillac Sedan at the stage entrance of the Selwyn Theatre, where he is co-starring with Alexander Carr in "Partners Again."

PROMINENT STAGEFOLK AND THEIR CHOICE OF CARS. WOULD THEIR CHOICE BE YOUR CHOICE?

Miss Mae Murray, whose last picture, "Broadway Road," is about to appear, and her Hudson Sedan. The photograph was taken in front of Miss Murray's charming home at Great Neck, L. I.



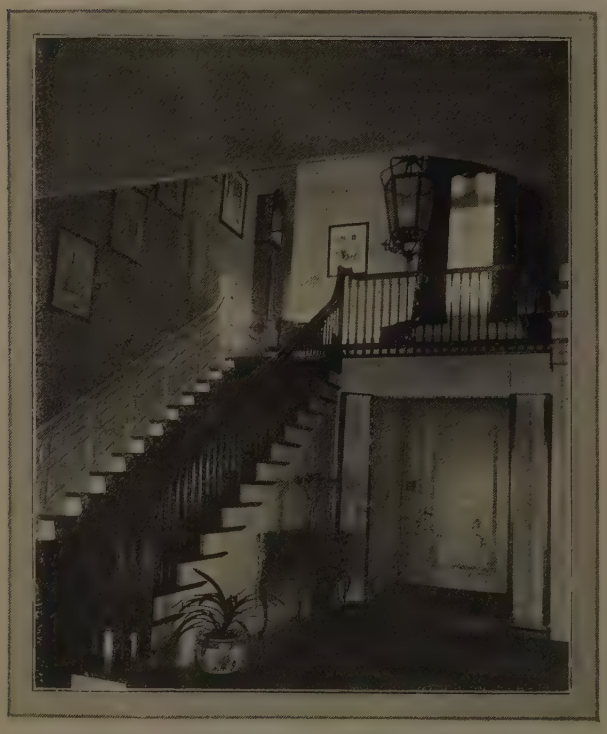
(*Left*) This is the striking car used by Pearl White during her stay in Paris. It is the new model Farman.



(*Right*) Because Gilda Gray, of the Ziegfeld Follies, past master of the shimmy, chose to be photographed with her new Packard, we presume it to be her favorite—possibly because it is the latest acquisition.

(*Below*) A close-up of Gilda Gray's garage which houses her four cars, a Stutz, a Packard, a Delage, and a Buick. This and the above picture have never been shown before, but we believe from now on they will figure in the catalogues of every dancing teacher, proving what dancing will do for you.

The quiet simplicity and good taste shown in the treatment of the living room is characteristic of the house itself and all its environs



It is entirely appropriate that a grandfather clock should stand guard at the head of this friendly Colonial stairway. A hall light that has all the attributes of the old-time postern lamp does its bit too, to carry out the Colonial note

"MILLSTREAMS," THE CONNECTICUT HOME OF WINCHELL SMITH

The Winchell Smiths, but recently returned from a continental tour, have opened their charming home on the Farmington River, Conn., where the co-author of that perennial success, "Lightnin'", is hard at work on a new play, shortly to be produced on Broadway.

Photos Bachrach

The ascent to the house from the boat landing on the Farmington River is accomplished by means of steps fashioned of rough slabs of stone, set in the wooded hillside

Is Winchell Smith's success to be wondered at with the inspiration of this enchanting view of the Farmington River, from his study window?

The Promenades of Angelina

She Arrives at a Rehearsal of the Greenwich Village Follies by Way of Southampton

Drawings by Art Snyder

Ula Sharon, premiere danseuse of the G. V. Follies, just to be sure of keeping busy every minute at rehearsals, practiced tying herself into bowknots

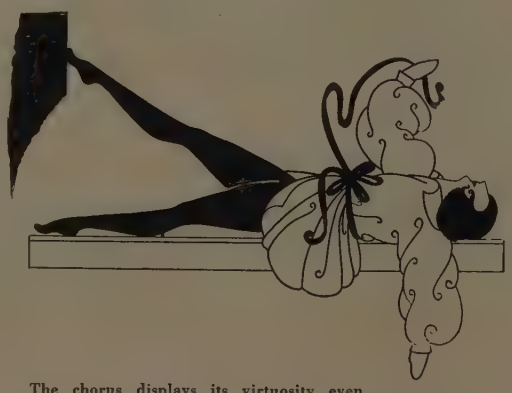
COMING up from Southampton, the other Monday, on that dreadful middle-of-the-night 7.40 "business special" (. I always wonder, once aboard the lugger, how I ever managed to make it .) Tubby introduced me to a swanky young Englishman we ran into on the platform . . They had been co-guests at a previous week-end . . Tubby's always frightfully sweet about sharing his new friends and adventures with me, as you know, but he had an ulterior motive besides that morning. .

He's exceedingly *épris* just at present of a young married woman much mentioned in the society columns . . and she was going up on the same train, but her seat was in the car behind ours. So introducing the young Englishman to me it enabled Tubby to say, "Take my seat, old man, and talk to Angelina on the way up, I'll go and smoke" . . and then make his get-away . . Not quite so abruptly as that, though . . For the Y. E., after the courteous amount of protest, said, "Thank you so much. That's very kind of you" . . and Tubby said he wasn't so sure . . Angelina was a very dangerous young person. . and when he (the Y. E., that is) got to New York and found his heart lost, and his peace of mind destroyed forever, perhaps he wouldn't think so kindly of what Tubby had done for him . . And then Tubby actually did depart, very pleased with himself at having fixed everything so nicely . . me taken care of and himself free to philander with his little affair . . I, all unaware of anything . . Oh, to be sure . . Nice old ostrich!

Of course, I was perfectly happy . . This was a particularly nice specimen of Englishman, looking awfully like David Powell . . And David Powell is the real love of my life . . I realize it anew every time I see him on the screen . . and forget it in the meantime, says Fanny . . However, there's nothing like a screen love for "safety first," is there? I had just sighed over Powell at the Rivoli the week before in "Her Gilded Cage," with Gloria Swanson . . all too brief the scenes in which the handsome creature appeared . . and so was in a particularly amenable mood for his near-double. Funny, his name, I learned later, was David, too . .

We got on famously from the start . . Tubby's remark reminded me of the "Dolly Dialogue" . . where Dolly Mickleham shows her new album, with its inscriptions, to Mr. Carter and asks him to add something tender and appropriate, and he writes to the effect that "those who have once enjoyed the privilege of Lady Mickleham's society are unanimous in warning all others to forego it" . . And my *vis-à-vis* was delighted with the reference . . Fancy a person of your generation knowing the "Dolly Dialogues," he remarked . . and told me how he did two of them once with an English girl for some amateur theatricals down in Torquay at a house party. . and how effective they were . . "I always thought they would have gone professionally, too," he said. From that we talked of plays and the theatre in general . . Well, you can only keep me away from the subject for any length of time by shooting me . . and then one-thing-led-to-another and I asked him if he would care to see a rehearsal of The Greenwich Village Follies on which I was going to look in that afternoon. "Splendid idea" . . "enchanted" . . he returned.

At the Pennsylvania Station, Tubby and his lady joined us and Tubby suggested a foursome for an early lunch at the Crillon. It was made unanimous . . So at 12.30 we all turned up promptly . . Tubby's lady in a fetching costume compounded of a periwinkle blue crepe and a hat of "burnt bread" color, with the new touch of bronze pumps and big bronze buckles. Tubby really *is* nice . . He never insults one in his temporary apostasies by choosing tiresome and dowdy females to admire . .



The chorus displays its virtuosity even during the breathing spaces of the rehearsal, stretching itself out at ease on a "prop" with toes carelessly poised on the scenery

At the Crillon we tore off a jolly little lunch . . though the English David and I cut it short for the Follies, at the Park Theatre.

Even so, we found the rehearsal in full swing . . Introduced to the good-looking

The Russian Alexander Yakovleff as dancer and ballet master is a feature of this new edition of the Greenwich Village Follies

John Murray Anderson, its director, in working regalia of coat-off and a soft, white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and collar open at the throat we choose seats well down in the darkened auditorium near the front of the stage, to be in the midst of things . . and miss none of the witty quips and byplay that are always going on at such occasions . .

The chorus is lined up in front of the footlights, around the piano, rehearsing "The Cinderella Blues" . . the "tall-girls," as Anderson refers to them, on chairs . . and the "small-girls," the little flappers, with their rehearsing costumes of knickerbockers of sorts and rolled stockings, hanging their bare knees over the edge of the stage. A collection of gorgeous girls, believe me! Each, tall or small, an individual type! Murray Anderson claims never to engage anyone who looks in the least the stereotyped chorus girl . . and he has picked a most refreshing line-up to see . .

There is the lovely Spanish girl . . and the beautiful tall and dark and slender Van Voorhees, a constant quantity in the Anderson productions . . and the fair and tall and slender Della

(*Continued on page* 274)

Where Barnum Went Wrong

FOR twenty years or so we've all been hearing Barnum's classic remark —"The public likes to be fooled."

The public has always enjoyed this biting comment, because it came from America's best loved showman.

But probably many of us had our fingers crossed even as we nodded approval.

* * *

The past two years in the tire business has been a pretty good test of Barnum's famous saying.

If the public liked to be fooled, here was its heart's content. "Big Discounts" to the right. "Special Sales" to the left. "Bargains" on every corner.

Certainly no man who kept his eyes and ears open missed seeing the attempt to fool the public by drawing its attention *away* from the essentials of *real value.*

Why did car-owners refuse to lower their quality standards—why did more people than ever go to quality tires?

Especially U. S. Royal Cords, which they used more and more to *measure the market* when they wanted a *test of value.*

* * *

In one way of speaking, Royal Cord leadership grew out of the confusing conditions put upon the tire-buyer.

The car-owner, being a practical person, as a rule, did the *practical* thing.

He bought U. S. Royal Cord quality—and stuck to it.

The legitimate dealer lined up with the U. S. Royal Cord policy—and stuck to it.

The makers of Royal Cord Tires said "Go to a legitimate dealer"—and stuck to it.

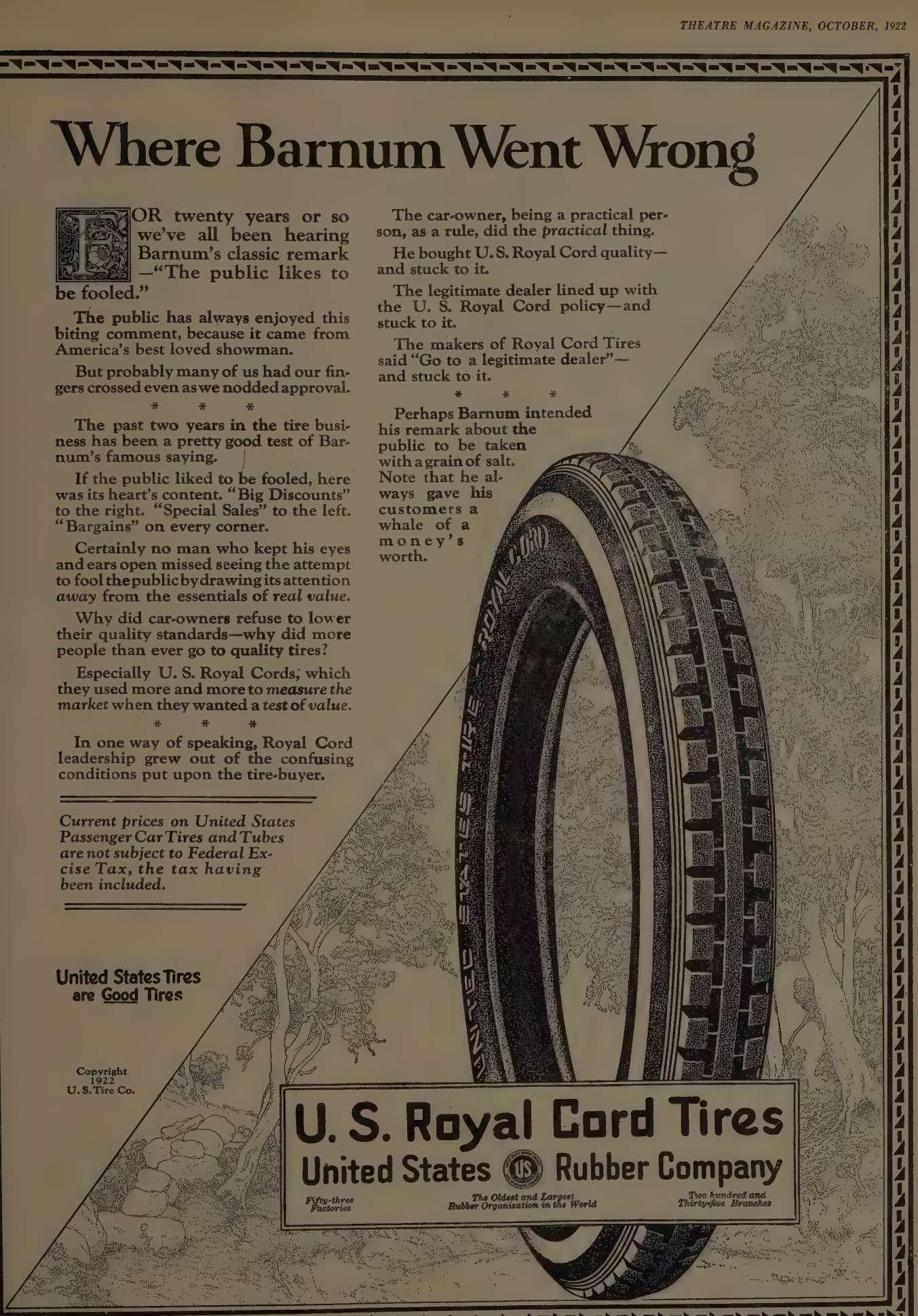
* * *

Perhaps Barnum intended his remark about the public to be taken with a grain of salt. Note that he always gave his customers a whale of a money's worth.

Current prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes are not subject to Federal Excise Tax, the tax having been included.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Copyright 1922 U. S. Tire Co.



U. S. Royal Cord Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories — *The Oldest and Largest Rubber Organization in the World* — *Two hundred and Thirty-five Branches*

FURS—
and the OCCASION

To appreciate the occasion suitable for wearing furs is indeed important. To appreciate furs suitable for the occasion is, however, of far greater consequence. The many new Gunther models, embodying the latest style features, present a pleasing and varied selection—suitable for *every* occasion.

Gunther
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JAUNTS INTO BRIGHTEST ENGLAND

(*Concluded from page* 213)

eagerness in telling of Bernhardt, of Duse—

"Your famous comparison of the two."

"And the curious aftermath. When I first saw Duse you may remember I wrote of the blush that overspread her cheek in a scene from the play. I went a few days later to see the same phenomenon. There was no blush."

"The theatre today?"

"A different class of audiences, my boy. The theatre is at a low ebb. During the war we found people going to the theatre whose only amusement hitherto had been cockfighting. All they could understand were the elemental humorous scenes. The result is discouraging to the author and the actor but it is good for the people. By the next generation we may have a better audience.

Another dash at reminiscence—the Countess of Carlyle and Gilbert Murray, both of whom appear in "Major Barbara," praise for Granville Barker's "The Madras House," inquiry for Ernita Lascelles who played Eve in "Back to Methuselah"—a very good actress—a discussion of character actors and their limitations, tales of rehearsals—a buoyancy of outlook that astounded. An amiable old man in an off hour of relaxation.

"When I started writing I was in a difficult position. All the authors were writing children's stories, tales of adventure such as Stevenson's 'Treasure Island.' There had been a definite swing to that sort of thing. It was not what I wanted to do and it was hard to get a start. Yet it gave me an individuality at once."

"With the amount of drivel a dramatic critic must see, I wonder he can stand it. The only thing to do when he has had enough of it is get out. Otherwise it is a ghastly li The longest I ever kept at one job w as a music critic. I stuck it f years. Then I was fed up.

"When I was rehearsing 'John Bu Other Island' for the first time, Lo Calvert was playing Broadbent. C vert then was a fine, classical ac and had not appeared before in a m ern rôle. He was much worried o his clothes and over the details of part. I take notes at rehearsal—sit the auditorium and ordinarily h from 300 to 1000 suggestions, althou one of my plays proved so ext ordinarily difficult to produce tha took nearly 3000 notes—and I t Calvert how to read some of the lin 'Certainly, Mr. Shaw,' he said, read them that way but do you kn sir, you are forcing me to do the v things which undermine the foun tional principles on which I h worked all my life. Take such a l as 'Gentlemen, you must not force to accept.' There are key words it which I have been taught by years of work in the theatre to e phasize. Instead you want me to l low, 'Gentlemen,' then to place gr stress on 'not' and 'to.' 'Precisely, Calvert,' I replied. 'When you do t you are not talking like an actor, are speaking in the exact manner an oratorical member of parliament

Shaw escapes portraiture. human man does. I have no do he is a bitter satirist in a black m —all creative workers have dual tures. Only the great creative wor manages to keep outlook. It is so thing to find the man whom the wo thinks a slashing pessimist still enthusiast. I wish Shaw would v America. There is little hope. He too canny.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

This month, Brunswick offers a very intriguing and comprehensive list. There is a piano recording by the renowned Leopold Godowsky which is a triumph of reproducing art, the Chopin "Polonaise Militaire," played with all the brilliance and impeccable technique for which this master is noted. On the reverse the same composer's "Waltz in E Flat" shows the pianist in more melting mood.

Theo Karle's fresh young tenor voice has a very sympathetic vehicle in "Bonnie Wee Thing" and "Good-Night, Little Girl."

The smell of honeysuckle and the charm of "days of long ago" are in Marie Tiffany's beautiful singing "Darling Nellie Gray," the old s that never seems to lose its poigna On the reverse is "Ol' Car'lina," s by Miss Tiffany and a trio.

Marion Harris, now exclusi Brunswick, gives "Sweet Indi Home" and "Blue" in the best Ha manner. This vaudeville headl has a quality of voice and clarity diction that are admirable.

"Neath the South Sea Moon" "My Rambler Rose" are contrib by Dorothy Jardon, and there are three Brox Sisters doing "Kicky-K and "Away Down South" in amazing "indigoes."

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KEMPY

(*Continued from page 234*)

DUKE: . . . Is somebody married around here?

JANE: . . . You've been drinking! That's what Kate meant about wanting you treated with respect!

Ruth enters and explains the situation, and says the bride and groom have already quarrelled. Jane hurries to Dad's room. Kempy enters.

DUKE: . . . Kemp, this is a peculiar situation—I'd like to understand it a little better——

KEMPY: Yes, so would I.

DUKE: Perhaps by getting together we can work this thing out in the way you want it worked out. . . .

RUTH: Kemp always gets what he wants.

KEMPY: Yes, I get it too easy. I wish——

DUKE: . . . What? That you hadn't married Kate? . . . You two don't agree very well?

KEMPY: She's not reasonable. If she was anything like Ruth——

Duke sends Ruth to bed. He tells Kempy to assert himself and gives him a bill of sale for the house, purchased from Ben, in exchange for Kempy's church plans. Duke exits.

DAD: (*Entering.*) What the devil are you doing here?

KEMPY: What the devil are you doing here?

KATE: (*Appearing on stairs.*) Father—Kemp, don't quarrel.

DAD: . . . You go to your room.

KEMPY: She won't go to her room till I send her. She's my wife and she'll do what I say.

DAD: . . . Not in *my* house!

KEMPY: . . . It's *my* house and if you get fresh . . . I'll throw you out of it! . . . This is MY house . . . and I'm going to run it. . . . You either get back to bed or get out.

Duke enters and proves the document is legal and that Kempy is the owner of the house. . . .

KATE: . . . This is impossible!

KEMPY: . . . You keep quiet. I'm going to take a husband's place around here and you've got to . . . get sense! . . . To protect my wife's name. . . . I must stay here tonight. . . .

DUKE: And to prevent scandal, you, Mr. Bence, must also stay here tonight.

DAD: Why the hell wouldn't I?

KEMPY: None of that language before my wife! . . . You can sleep here tonight, but I'll settle with you in the morning. . . .

DAD: . . . If the darned thing *is* legal, it don't give you no right to throw me out before I have my time to put my pants on!

KEMPY: I'm not ordering you out. I'm telling you to go to bed! You've got no business anyhow running around undressed in front of family! . . .

DAD: Well, I'm damned. (*Exits. Ma. Kempy sends Jane home.*)

KEMPY: (*Sitting on couch wit of a job well done.*) There!

Ruth enters with dog, whic dumps on couch.

DUKE: Ruth . . . kiss your br in-law good night.

RUTH: I won't.

DUKE: Better do it before he you.

Ruth kisses Kempy on for Duke, smiling, exits. Kempy after Ruth, gradually expandin an ecstacy that seeks expressio puts his arms around the do kisses him.

ACT III. That night.

Kempy is lying on the couch.

MA: (*Entering.*) . . . I didn't to disturb you. . . . Pa's sick he wanted to take some soda . wanted me to ask you to turn water. . . . (*Calls Ruth and ex*

KEMPY: Your mother said th would get my wrench for me. I had it when I met your—my sister. . . .

RUTH: Oh—oh, yes. . . . (*Ge from table drawer and hasti wrapping it from cheesecloth.*)

KEMPY: (*Picks up wrench, cle shining.*) Why, it's all polishe . . . Nobody ever did anythi that for me before!

RUTH: Well, of course—I know at the time you were out married to my sister.

KEMPY: . . . Well, you see, I know at the time you felt th toward my wrench. . . . This ing to be a great lesson to m marriage. . . .

RUTH: I thought I'd be happy Kate was married. . . .

KEMPY: Are you unhappy? of it because Kate's married *me*

RUTH: I don't think we ought this way.

KEMPY: Well, I do. . . . Th riage hasn't made anybody happ unless it was the Justice of th . . . he charged me ten d . . . I had eleven fifty when Kate.

RUTH: . . . Daddy only had when he was married. . . .

KEMPY: Yes, but he knew h longer. (*He tells Ruth that D given him the house in excha his church plans.*) Why sh give me a whole house for a present?

RUTH: . . . For Kate . . and Duke are in love. . . .

KEMPY: . . . It isn't righ

(*Concluded on page 26*

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KEMPY

(*Concluded from page* 260)

being married to me and in love with the Duke—and me being married to her and— . . . I don't love Kate—as a husband should—not since— . . . since I know how I feel toward you—

RUTH: (*Rises dramatically.*) . . . Kemp, you're Kate's husband!

KEMPY: . . . In name only, and I'm going to stay that way. . . .

Dad and Ma enter. . . . Kate comes down the stairs.

DAD: . . . We couldn't go to bed without finding out how things stand. . . . Naturally we wanted to know what plans your husband has. They are going to fit right in with ours too. . . . Ma and me are going to take a trip out to California and Ruthie is going to the Institute. That will leave you two here all to yourselves.

KATE: Perhaps I have some plans of my own. . . .

DAD: . . . You're going to get up in the mornings, and cook your husband's meals, and wash the dishes . . . and be a happy wife! . . .

KATE: I am going to leave this house—and my husband—and this town—tomorrow morning! . . . I expect to sign a contract that will make me independent of all of you! . . .

They are indulging in a general family row when Duke enters.

KATE: We've had enough talk. Kemp, come, let's go to our room!

KEMPY: (*In desperation.*) Maybe *you've* had enough talk. Now I'm going to tell *you* something. . . . I'm through! I came into this house to fix the pipe and you took me off and married me— . . . And I'm not of age either and I didn't have my parents' consent!

DUKE: . . . This marriage can annulled.

KATE: Will you all please keep of my affairs? . . . I'll be gone the morning and then I'll take care myself!

Telephone rings—there is a W ern Union message for Kate f Manager Oscar Sherman. She list then sits inert, realizing she is c pletely beaten.

KATE: (*To Duke.*) He doesn't w me, Duke—nobody wants me.

DUKE: Kate, is there anything I do?

KATE: Would you—take care of— annulment?

KEMPY: Yes, I wish you would t

DUKE: (*To Kempy.*) All right—I go over to Ben's house and talk over.

KATE: Good night, Duke——

DUKE: Good night—till tomorrow there, there, dear, it's all right. .

KEMPY: Good night—I've had a v pleasant evening.

RUTH: . . . You never did fi fixing that pipe in our kitchen.

KEMPY: I know, I thought I'd c back in the morning. . . . Will keep my wrench for me?

RUTH: Oh, thank you.

KEMPY: You're welcome. (*E Ruth goes to her room, hugg wrench.*)

DAD: I'll bet Duke's going to ma Kate after all——

MA: Maybe she'll have her hon moon at Atlantic City—remem ours, Pa—at Niagara Falls?

DAD: (*Smiles tenderly.*) Yes, (*Then irritably.*) Oh, for God's s let's go to bed. (*They exit.*)

CURTAIN

THE SALZBURG MOZART FESTIVAL

The Mozart Festival in Salzburg, Austria, will be given this summer, in spite of the tremendous difficulties arising through financial and economic conditions, and the possible complete collapse of the crown. Richard Strauss, who will conduct, is in entire charge of the arrangements and the building of the new theatre. has announced that the most enth astic support has been received f America, whence has come the gr er part of the twenty-five mil kronen already available.

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PEARLS

GOING BROKE FOR ART'S SAKE

(*Continued from page 223*)

One manager told me, after "Aphrodite" had played to $38,000 in one week, that his share of the profits, deducting his expenses, was a little over $400. "Why, Mr. Gest," he complained, "I played a picture called 'Ten Nights In A Baroom,' the week before last and made $1,800 profit. That's what I think of your artistic productions—I am going to play nothing but pictures hereafter."

Yet, on the other hand, I have received many letters from eminent people and high authorities in the world of art, which have made me feel happier than the comment—however sincere—of the manager who preferred "Ten Nights In A Barroom." There is some consolation at least in knowing that you have satisfied your own conscience—given to America what you wanted sincerely, and what you hoped they would want.

When I was a young man in my early twenties I went to work for the famous impresario, Oscar Hammerstein, then starting his first venture with the Manhattan Opera Company in New York. The sights and sounds—the very odor of the theatre—had worked into my blood. In my spare hours I spent my time designing sets for the various operas, collaborating with the scenic artists and costume designers, trying out bizarre effects with lights and colors.

I presume my first flair for the spectacular was conceived while under the great impresario's tutelage. In 1910, while on a trip to Europe for the opera company, I saw in Paris the Russian Ballet—just then imported from the Imperial Theatre—and I made up my mind to bring them to America. After some difficulty I secured a contract for the entire company and the same year brought them to New York. Many of the original dancers have since attained no small degree of personal acclaim—Lopokova, Kosloff, Bulgakoff and Volinine.

A few years later Gertrude Hoffman came to my attention. Her exquisite dancing captivated me and with what slender resources I had at hand I organized a company and started in producing on my own. The best I could secure in setting and costume investiture was none too good for me and I felt convinced that American audiences would confirm my judgment. For London I brought over the Harker brothers, whose magic scenic creations are still a happy memory. My costumes I had designed by Percy Anderson and Leon Bakst—then practically unknown to theatre-goers in this country. The venture was a moderate success, but I found that I had been too lavish with my investments, and the small profits were soon dissipated in salaries and minor obligations.

Following this—in partnership with Ray Comstock—I produced "The Whip" and "Experience." The latter was especially successful, from eve point of view, and before it had r its length had netted me almost a mi lion dollars. I was so elated that determined at once on a nation-wi tour of the Russian Ballet. Here aga my aspirations got the better of m judgment. By the time the compar reached San Francisco, Mr. Comsto wired me that we had lost near $100,000!

I felt, at any rate, that I had accon plished one solid fact: everywhere w had been we were met with th kindliest criticism and praise. Amer can appreciation of good art, of e alted motives, of fine interpretatio and splendid music had expressed i self. That conviction was wort whatever money it cost me. When got back to New York I was brok but happy.

Last December, while in Euro seeking new dramatic material, I ra across Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" Paris—the Bat Theatre of Moscow Here was a decided novelty. I love the performances and determined th —in some way or other—I would giv their unique art to New York and America. When I cabled Niki Balieff—the leader of the Russia players—in London last January, clo ing the contract to bring his organiza tion to this country, I did so witho expecting to make a dollar. I wa prepared to lose $75,000 if necessar and I didn't have the money. To b frank I didn't have a quarter that could honestly call my own. I bo rowed enough to transport the Ru sians and trusted to God and luc Fortunately the "Chauve-Souris" ha been the sensation of the new gener tion of play-goers. It opened at th Forty-Ninth Street Theatre in Ne York on the night of February 3, 192 and after playing there eighteen week moved to the Century Theatre Ro —completely transformed into a Ru sian theatre by the artist Remisoff and there I fully believe it will pla for another year before going on tou If so, it will be the first time in m life that I have ever made a dolla out of Art.

I have lately had occasion to a alyze the reason for this fact and believe it is simple. Whatever is sa to the contrary it is true that Americ does appreciate good art and goo artists; I happen to know because have lost a fortune proving it. Wh we do demand is sanity, the art th grows upon sound standards and a cepted technique. That is where made my mistake. My art was soun but my portrayal and investiture it was insane—"Gest's magnifice follies"—they were called. I w over-ambitious perhaps: I wanted fit the stage to my dreams, rath than my dreams to the stage. And can't be done.

That is where I made my mistak

(*Concluded on page 268*)

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

THE time has come the Walrus said, to talk of many things. . . ."

He observed this to us the other day. And if you've noticed, in an well-regulated magazine, when the Walrus dictates "the time has com . . ." the writer hastens to obey.

Among the many things to be talked of it appeared to be the Walruses ide that the most important was this . . here . . now . . matter of women coiffures. It was getting to be October and people had come home from thei vacations and were going to the theatres and the opera. And what about th appearance of their heads. It was important to have a complexion at th theatre, of course . . one must never forget nor neglect that . . but it wa quite as important to have a beautifully groomed head of hair. Because onl your seat-mates could see your face, whereas the whole house could see you back hair. Women were sometimes ostrich-like and didn't realize this.

But how were they going to accomplish this hair beauty? Were the going to go to the hair dresser every time they wanted a wave? And inci dentally look like nothing at all in the meantime. And what about the night when they had an impromptu last minute invitation and would not have chance at a hair-dressing shop at all.

"Well, what?" we asked. "What's the answer?"

"Ah, that's up to you," said the Walrus. . .

The answer was offered by a smart hairdressing establishment off Fifth in the late Forties, where all the well-known actresses are going nowaday for their hair. We bethought ourselves of the place at once, and went there.

"The solution," said they, "of a lovely looking head of hair, always i order, with no 'off days,' was indubitably the permanent wave." It was mor than ever the solution since the recent discovery of their splendid new proces of permanent waving—the Lanoil process.

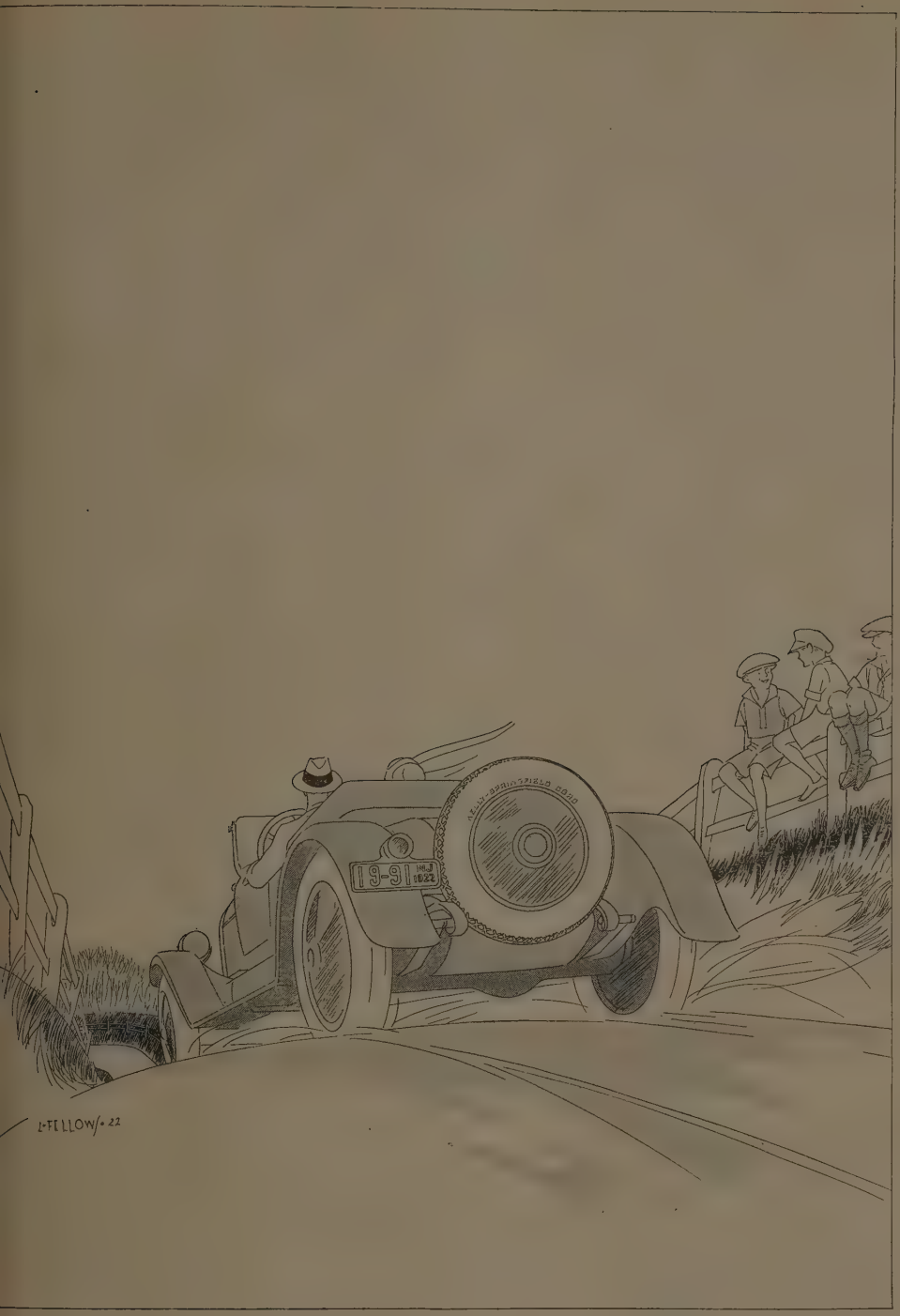
Before this discovery a permanent wave, as perhaps you know, wa effected by changing the structure of the hair from straight to wavy throug steam obtained from moistened borax. The hair was wound on curlers, packe between the borax and electrically heated. And though this gave a successfu permanent wave in a way, the use of the borax had distinct drawbacks Among them, it tended to overdry the hair and so give to many heads a du and rusty appearance. Women began to say among themselves, and the me of the family as well, that the permanent wave was all right to look at, bu it was awfully bad for the hair, it made it brittle, broke it off, thinned it.

But with the discovery of this new composition, Lanoil, all that has bee obviated. Lanoil simply softens the hair, while it is in a wavy position, an then the heat hardens this wave into permanency. The fat of the hair is no lost and the softening and hardening process can go on indefinitely without th least damage—whenever the new hair having grown out straight it is necessar to repeat the waving.

All the discomforts attending the former process—a process still bein used in almost every other place—are gone; especially the possibility of burn ing the scalp, because now there is no liquid to run about. You may sleep i you wish while your hair is being waved. Certainly if you are having it don in this establishment, with its booths *de luxe,* you will want to partake of th tea or coffe and sandwiches served free of charge. We accidentally broke i upon one cubby where clever Jane Warrington, of the thrilling mystery play "The Cat and the Canary," was having the finishing touches of a permanen wave put on her lovely blonde head, so like to Elsie Ferguson's. But she didn mind. She was so enthusiastic over her wave she gave us gracious permissio to mention it.

Three additional and very important features of this new process shoul be particularly noted. The time of operation is shortened. The range o prices is lower. And certain heads of dyed or bleached hair, hitherto in operable, will now "work." And when you are through you will have th proud consciousness that you are a night-and-day beauty, always ready fo action, charming in either jungle or parlor.

(*For the name of the smart hairdressing establishment giving this ne Lanoil permanent wave process, write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatr Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.*)



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLA

(*Concluded from page 228*)

COMEDY! Actual fact! If you don't believe it—(and I don't blame you if you don't!)—go and see! Not only comedy, but humor which is something else again and an even rarer commodity on the musical show boards of Broadway. Frank Tinney and the writers of a trite but fun-filled book are responsible for the innovation.

Mr. Hammerstein's new offering is anything but subtle. Julian Mitchell has by no means acquitted himself with his usual *flair* in the matter of staging the production. A heavy hand is felt throughout, a chorus-girl master instead of an artist has seemed to have taught his girls to tear about the stage in what are alleged to be "numbers." But when Tinney appears this ceases to matter and one can enjoy himself immensely. It is a show to listen to rather than look at, and one must be grateful for the change. Usually we have had to depend on that old reliable, George M., for entertainments of the sort.

There are several excellent specialty dance numbers, by Frances Grant and Ted Wing, Mary Haun and Galdino Sedano, Margaret and Elizabeth Keene and Frederick Renoff, all of them unusual performers. But again it is of the rare fun in the piece that I must speak. Irene Olsen, a rather affected and painfully self-conscious young lady, is anything but ready for prima donna rôles.

The Woman Who Laughed

A play by Edward Locke produced at the Longacre Theatre on August 16th with the following cast:

John Neilson, William H. Powell; Frieda Neilson, Martha Hedman; Minna Becker, Gilda Leary.

A SOMEWHAT pointless piece and certainly an incredible one is Mr. Locke's latest *opus*. Miss Hedman acts it to the hilt, and the other two members of the cast struggle desperately and somewhat more successfully with the violent unrealities given them to unfold.

I cannot think that New York environs will find much to en them to "The Woman Who Laugh Perhaps—who knows?—she laughed a bit too soon.

Lights Out

A comedy by Paul Dickey and M Page produced at the Vanderbilt atre by Mrs. Henry B. Harris August 14th, with the following

Walt Sebastian, Francis Byrne; B Peyton, Marcia Byron; Mrs. Chester lant, Olive Harper Thorn; Keith F William Shelley; Brakeman, Albert P Mr. Peyton, William Ingersoll; I Winslow, Robert Ames; Porter, Cy kett; Hair Pin Annie, Beatrice M Butts McAllister, Lorin Raker; "C Eye" Decker, Philip Lord; Silent Jim Janney; High Shine Joe, C. Henry G Night Watchman, Hallam Bosworth Wellsback, William E. Morris.

A MELODRAMA with a new is something for a dramati tic to write home about. Such i case with this new work from pen—or one of the pens—that Broadway its beloved "Misle Lady." "Lights Out" has an ide crook, having been double-crosse a former pal, who has skipped the proceeds of their co-operative robbing, determines to reach the science of the traitor by exposing in the movies. So "High Shine happy in the tropical delight l'Amerique du Sud, sees hi nominated a blackguard and a v in the hair-raising crook serial, Red Trail."

Things then happen; there is ing by night, and lights go ou even the ushers stop talking i general excitement that ensues High Shine gets busy.

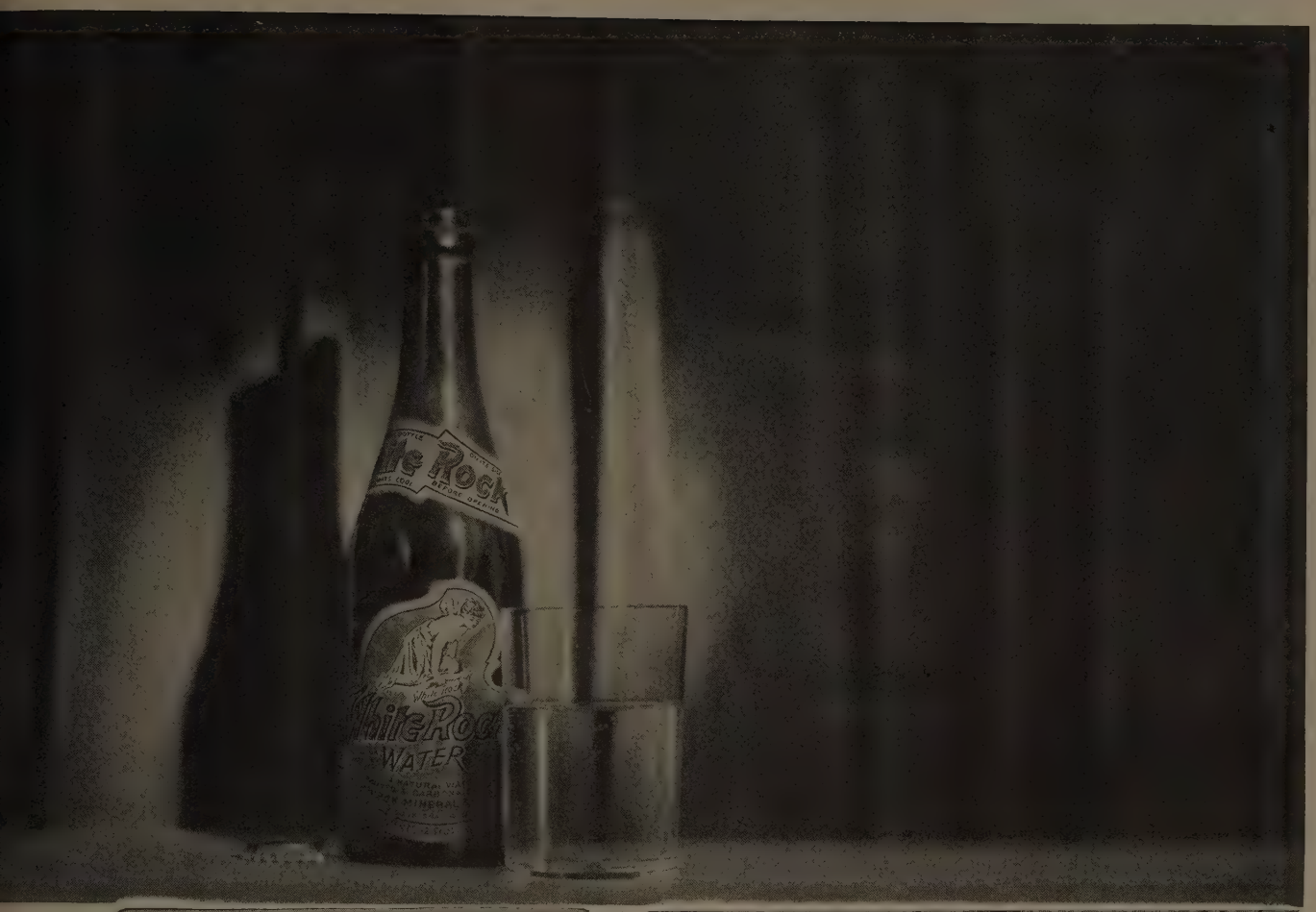
The piece is adequately though ventionally done. It is agreeal have the discerning Mrs. Harris in the lists again, even as onl *patronne* of a 42nd Street dre One always feels that there may "Damaged Goods" just aroun corner.

GOING BROKE FOR ART'S SAKE

(*Concluded from page 264*)

What success I have attained with my big productions was due in large measure to my illustrious father-in-law, David Belasco. When I produced "The Wanderer," I engaged the late Ben Teal as stage director. Mr. Teal did everything possible, within his limitations, yet ten days before the first performance I knew something was wrong. He had attempted more than his frail shoulders could bear. He was already stricken with the malady which afterwards caused his death. Mr. Belasco heard of my trouble. He asked permission to attend a rehearsal. In the middle of it he went on the stage, put his arm over Teal's shoulder and

"My dear boy, will you permit sit in with you in an advisory ca because I know you are ill?" Teal nearly broke down. He st in the director's chair, however watched Mr. Belasco take cha the performance and with his w ful vigor instill new life in players. On the opening nigh Teal took the curtain call and Ben Teal's name that appeared program as the producer. Mr. modestly disclaimed all credit. is the first public acknowledgm the fact.



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FOLK PLAYMAKING

(*Continued from page 246*)

inhabitants of the State are of foreign birth or parentage. Here the home talents are still cherished as a means of genuine enjoyment. The people have not broken their connections with the big family of the country folks. They have retained their birthright of pleasure in simple things. It is not strange that from such a spirit of neighborliness a native drama should spring.

A new fellowship of Playmakers came naturally in the fall of 1918. There was no formal organization at first. Membership in The Carolina Playmakers was open to all. Anyone who did anything toward the making of a play was counted a Playmaker. It was truly a society of amateurs in co-operative folk-arts.

Already a wide range of original folk-plays have come. They were written in the University course in Dramatic Composition, and produced by The Playmakers on a home-made stage, constructed by them for the purpose, in the auditorium of the Public School building at Chapel Hill.

The initial program consisted of "What Will Barbara Say?", a romance of Chapel Hill, by Minnie Shepherd Sparrow, who assayed the leading part; "The Return of Buck Gavin," a tragedy of a mountain outlaw, by Thomas C. Wolfe, of Asheville, who made his début as a player in the title rôle of this, his first play; and "When Witches Ride," a play of North Carolina folk-superstition drawn largely by the young author, Elizabeth A. Lay, from her own experiences while teaching in a country school in Northampton County.

WHERE ACTORS AND AUDIENCE ARE ONE

IT is an interesting experience to participate with the audience in the first performance of a new play. There is a feeling of intimate interest, an almost childlike excitement on the part of everyone—townspeople, students and professors alike. This is *their* play, written by one of their own number. These are their players, and all are Playmakers together.

The play is "Peggy," perhaps. The curtain discloses the shabby interior of a tenant cabin. It is a familiar sight—just such a drab-looking cabin in the red fields as each person present has passed by many times without thought or interest. Mag, the jaded farm woman with snuff-stick protruding from the corner of her mouth, is getting supper, singing snatches of an old ballad as she works. She is a commonplace figure. But in the play she becomes a character of new and compelling interest. Spontaneous guffaws of laughter greet this actual appearance upon their stage of the "sorry-looking," snuff-spitting character so familiar to them. But presently all are moved to feel with the actors the tragic fact of her hard won existence. Then, it seemed to me that the dividing footlights were gone—that the audience had actually joined with the actors and become a part of the play itself. It had become a living truth to them.

THE STUFF OF WHICH FOLK PLAYS ARE MADE

The plays produced in these first years have revealed a remarkable variety of materials and forms.

Representative of the farm plays are such tragedies of revolt as "Peggy," "The Miser" and "The Lord's Will." In contrast with these are "Dogwood Bushes," and "In Dixon's Kitchen," comedies of the Carolina springtime of the dogwoods and the peach trees all in bloom, and the old, old story of a country courtship.

There are plays of daring outlawry. The Croatian gang in "The Last of the Lowries," "Dod Gast Ye Both!" "Reward Offered," "The Return of Buck Gavin," and the ghost-tale of "The Third Night." There are colorful themes from Colonial times—the strange legend of "The Old Man of Edenton," the wistful fantasy of "Trista," the haunting mystery of Theodosia Burr in "Off Nags Head" plays of the folk-belief in the supernatural as in "The Hag," and in the brave sea-play, "Blackbeard, Pirate of the Carolina Coast."

Not the least significant are the plays written for a negro theatre, such as the realistic "Granny Boling," "The Fighting Corporal," a rollicking comedy of the undoing of a braggart soldier just back from "de big war in France," and "White Dresses," the story of old Aunt Candace and her niece Mary McLean, a pretty quadroon girl. Aunt Candace becomes the embodiment of her race and her words to Mary conclude the stark tragedy of the race problem: "I knows yo'se got feelin's chile. But yo'se got to smother 'em in. Yo'se got to smother 'em in."

Such are the *Carolina Folk-Plays*. They have been welcomed in towns and cities all over North Carolina. It is the hope of our Playmakers that they will have something of real human interest for the big family of our American folk beyond the borders of Carolina.

There is everywhere an awakening of the folk-consciousness, which should be cherished in a new republic of active literature. As did the Greeks and our far-seeing Elizabethan forbears, so should we, the people of the new Renaissance, find fresh dramatic forms to express our America of today—our larger conception of the kingdom of humanity.

Toward this, The Carolina Playmakers are hoping to contribute something of lasting value in the making of a new Folk Theatre and a new folk literature.

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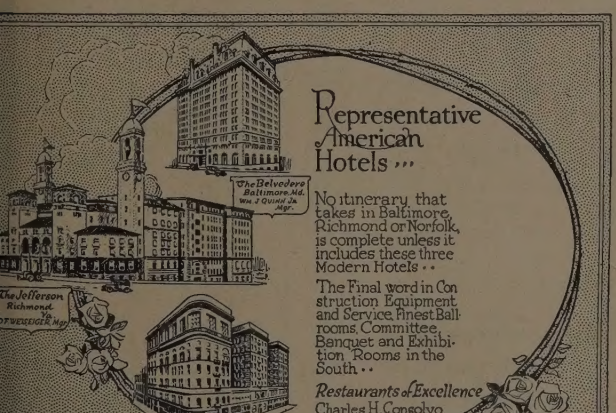

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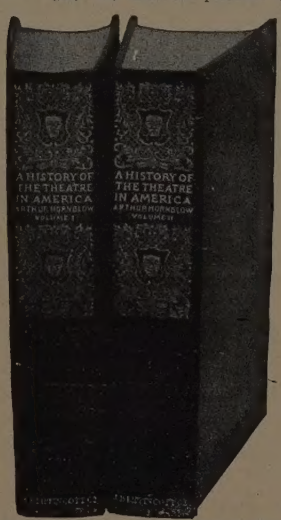

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The Promenades of Ang

(*Continued from page 256*)

Vanna, who graciously lent dancer's feet and ankles for the of the shoes on the other page. there was the choicest little with a pert turned-up nose, and straight-down bob . . and Oh a dozen others quite as noticeab

The last line of "The Cind Blues" jazzes out . . "Who a misguided wretches who are 'sell' and 'tell' for 'sale' and ' says Anderson from the front He says it in an even, conversa tone, without the least rancor. N is a whit perturbed or flustered fact, we discovered it a very an part of the Murray direction . fashion of apostrophizing vario linquents as, "You poor, misg girl," "You unfortunate child, you know that . ." and so on without raising his voice or losi temper . . If he ever does get cross, we didn't see it that noon . . And everyone who under Murray Anderson dotes o we hear . .

The song is repeated, the "wre are spotted . . "Tall-girls, tall- calls Anderson . . "The Sporty Brown" goes into rehearsal, Savoy of the famous Savo Brennan team as "Mrs. Brown The short girls scatter them throughout the auditorium to sitting on the length of their As you look back you see her there the soles of certain pa feet ranged on the backs of the seats, the top of a head vaguel lined behind . .

Back in the wings is the *petit* Sharon, just returned from stu abroad, tirelessly practicing her steps with blue-smocked Alex Yakovleff, who has charge of dance numbers. A Russian, a sonality, this Yakovleff, and a f in the cap of the Greenwich V Follies . .

Carl Randall comes in for hi ture . . a toy shop number . . ing with him the male dancer he found in the Carpathian Mou . . Howard Greer and Cleon T morton . . the latter did the s for "The Hairy Ape," by the w break in with questions anen costumes and sets they are furn . . Anderson is amicably in six at once . . A cryptic individu ferred to solely as "Albert" is in . . He ranges over the theatr here, there, everywhere . . gadf stinging the chorus into action, ing up delinquents, meeting an posing of people who wander in *dégagé* blandness, answering tele calls, smoothing chaos into orde erally . . As he whizzes p down the aisle, or falls temporar hausted into a seat in front, he comments on "the gorgeous girls the proceedings that are "a se . . David enjoys them hugely th the afternoon . . in fact, the atmosphere of work and life and the artistic spirit that is the G. V

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CHECKMATE

(*Continued from page 247*)

And wait me in the hall. There we'll divide
Whatever monies may be found inside.

PAWN (*Fearfully*)
If I be caught within her room?

KING
Then I
Shall clear thee of suspicion by some lie.
See that thy hand is sure, thy footstep light,
E'en as mine own when coming in o' night.

(*The Pawn goes quickly out. The Red Queen enters from the opposite side of the stage. The King is embarrassed and finds no words to greet her.*)

RED QUEEN (*Sweetly.*)
Thou had'st my note?

KING
Aye. Why didst thou not wait
To hear from me? 'Tis most unfortunate.
Thou did'st not choose my wife's receiving day!
She'll think thy visit rather odd—

RED QUEEN
Nay, nay,
It shall appear I called on her.

KING
Suppose
Thou should'st by some unheeding word disclose
That thou and I are somewhat better friends
Than she surmiseth?

RED QUEEN
Marry, that depends
Upon thine own discretion. Hast agreed
To let me have the trifling sum I need?

KING
Thou'lt have it. (*Goes hurriedly to one side and listens.*)

RED QUEEN
Then my tongue shall make no slips—
Insooth, my gratitude shall seal my lips.

KING
My wife approaches now. Pray be discreet!
Pretend that thou and I but chanced to meet.
(*The White Queen enters. Goes up to Red Queen and kisses her on the cheek.*)

WHITE QUEEN
So sweet of you to call on us, my dear!
Methought thou'dst quite forgotten we were here.

RED QUEEN
Forgive me, dear, I should have come before.
I have no doubt thou findest life a bore—
Aye, married women are so much alone!

WHITE QUEEN
Alas, 'tis frequently the case, I own.
(*She surveys the Red Queen's gown.*)
Thy gown is charming, dear, no one would guess
Thou had'st made over last season's dress!

RED QUEEN (*Sweetly.*)
Indeed, I'm thankful that I am not stout
As thou, for 'tis impossible without
A skilled modiste to make one's figure trim
And graceful, when one is no longer slim!

KING (*Fidgeting About.*)
Dost thou not think 'tis like to rain?

RED QUEEN
Nay, nay!
I'm sure 'twill be a most delightful day!

WHITE QUEEN (*To Red Queen.*)
Thou art a valiant soul to bear so well
Thy poverty, forsooth, one scarce could tell
To look at thee, thou did'st thine own house work.
I marvel that thou seemest not to shirk
The menial tasks my servant girls neglect—
And yet contrive to hold thy head erect
As any Lady!

RED QUEEN
Thou too dost reveal
A talent for deportment. Who would say,
To see thee in thy drawing room today,
Thy father sold dried herring on the quay?

KING (*Hurriedly to White Queen.*)
My love, I'm sure our friend would like to see
The lovely mantle thou hast bought!

WHITE QUEEN (*To Red Queen.*)
Poor dear!
No doubt thou'lt wear the cloak thou had'st last year!

RED QUEEN (*Coyly.*)
Unless some gallant pityeth my state—
(*She gives the King a ravishing glance.*)
Perchance the King—He's so considerate!

KING (*Hastily to his wife.*)
'Tis late indeed! Our friend must soon depart.
Pray go and fetch thy cloak at once, dear heart!
(*He hurries the White Queen to the side of the stage and off. Then turns to the Red Queen.*)

KING (*Annoyed.*)
Thou tactless one! Why did'st thou mention me?
She may suspect I'm interested in thee——

RED QUEEN
What matter, sir, art thou become so weak
And timid that thou darest not to speak
With other women? Put her in her place!
(*She turns away from him. He follows her and speaks conciliatingly.*)

KING
Alas, thou understandest not the case.
She'd cut me off without a crown!
(*To be continued next month*)

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CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS, STEWART KIDD CO. Add to this heading that the plays are all American, and that they have been selected and edited by Frank Shay. Mr. Shay in a foreward rises to remark that the lot of the anthologist is not a happy one. In a dilemma, he is tossed from the one horn of shall he select his plays because of the fame of the author, to the other horn of shall he use his own selective judgment and choose those plays that are the best that have come to his attention. He is bound over to criticism by someone in either course, Mr. Shay feels, but finally decides on the latter. After that his problem is further complicated because so many good one-act plays are being written and acted these days that the task becomes not so much one of selecting the best as of eliminating the almost as good.

Perhaps Mr. Shay's lot as anthologist may not have been a happy one "in work," but it is our personal opinion that it has had a very happy emergence in the results of this volume. We don't know when we have enjoyed reading a volume of plays more, finding each one practically as dramatically interesting as the next, and the balance along the broad lines of comedy and tragedy nicely kept throughout. Moreover, we can testify to the interesting qualities of at least a third of the plays in production, having seen these variously performed by the Provincetown and Washington Square Players, as well as on the so-called regular stage.

This collection of "Contemporary One-Act Plays"—there are twenty of them—is to be considered, announce Stewart Kidd, as supplementary to the "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays" issued in 1921. Such well-known names as Eugene O'Neill, Stuart Walker, Christopher Morley, Susan Glaspell, Harry Kemp, and Floyd Dell figure in the list.

We have been aroused to enthusiasm also, by the play "FRANKLIN," author CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY, publishers HENRY HOLT & CO., which has just appeared.

And here, in case our enthusiasms strike the reader as too stereotyped and inclusive, we might pause to interpolate that we are afraid they will always have to go along with the books that are reviewed in this column. Since our space is limited we shall perforce select for notice only those books concerned as to the drama that seem to us worthy of recommendation and of passing on.

Having read Miss Mackay's play we wonder that it has first seen the light of day between the covers of a book and not upon the stage. We can think of objections that could be raised against its attempted production, to be sure . . But at once we can think of reasons that meet and nullify these objections. The play is essentially dramatic, especially in the climaxes of each of its four acts. The dialogue has the requisite simplicity and directness that make for humanness, and we find this always a particular achievement where a past epoch is being reproduced for a present generation. The settings—the first two acts in Keimer's printing press in Philadelphia, 1723, the third in Franklin's home in Philadelphia, 20 years later, and the two scenes in Act IV, at Franklin's hotel at Passy and at the Court of Versailles respectively, offer every opportunity in the world for color and atmosphere. Lastly, the character of Franklin himself is delightfully drawn, a splendid part for some real actor to bite into, and Miss Mackay's aim in the play, "to give a picture of the man while keeping as close to historical data as possible," is entirely successful. With the exception of Keimer, the printer, Deborah Read, who becomes Mrs. Ben, and Bretelle, the spy, who personifies the forces—the meanness, the spying, the trickery—with which Franklin had to contend, the other parts are relatively but bits, though for all that each stands out in a life-like manner, with freshness and charm.

It has been contended that Franklin was too austere, too unromantic a figure to engage audiences, and that his period also would hold no interest for them. Well, worse luck for American audiences! Our own idea is that Franklin only needs his proper interpreter to become a second "Disraeli," box office receipts and all.

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